The Senate

The Qu'Appelle Progress.

Vol. VII. QU'APPELLE, N.W.T., THURSDAY, MAY 26, 1892. No. 32.

WINNIPEG.

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Qu'Appelle Station, January 18th, 1892.

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MADE TO ORDER

Special attention paid to
HORSE SHOEING.

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HAS REMOVED
TO NEXT DOOR TO THE CANADA NORTH-WEST LAND CO.'S OFFICE,

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FURNITURE,
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
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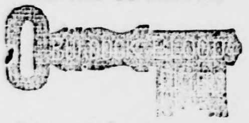

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually [illegible] the system, all the [illegible] and foul humors of the [illegible] at the same time Correcting [illegible] of the Stomach, curing [illegible], Dyspepsia, Headaches, [illegible], Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints [illegible] BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

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OPENING OF THE LAKE ROUTE.
Manitoba, - Alberta, Athabasca,
The largest and best equipped boats on the Lakes,
LEAVE FORT WILLIAM EVERY TUESDAY, THURSDAY & SATURDAY
FOR
Owen Sound, Toronto, Montreal, Boston, New York and all points East.
CONNECTING TRAIN LEAVES QU'APPELLE Every Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday at 1.21 o'clock.
LOWEST RATE. QUICKEST TIME.
Passengers ticketed through to all points in the East and in the Old Country.
Direct route to all points East and in the Old Country.
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General Passenger Agent, Winnipeg.

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Harness and Saddle Co.
Have succeeded to the business of
J. B. MILLIKEN,
And now offer
AT LOWEST RATES
HARNESS,
SADDLES,
HORSE BRUSHES,
CURRY COMBS,
WHIPS,
BELLS.
BLANKETS,
SPURS,
TRUNKS,
VALISES.
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INDIAN HEAD, N.W.T.
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WORM SYRUP
DESTROYS AND REMOVES WORMS OF ALL KINDS IN CHILDREN OR ADULTS SWEET AS SYRUP AND CANNOT HARM THE MOST DELICATE CHILD.

The Qu'Appelle Progress,
Is Published every Thursday
At The Progress Printing Office: in the Town of Qu'Appelle, Assiniboia, Canada.

The rates for our advertising space by contract are as follows:

	One week.	One month.	Three months.	One year.
One column	$6 00	$ 8 00	$15 00	$60 00
Half column	4 00	6 00	12 00	40 00
Quarter column	3 00	5 00	8 00	30 00
Three inches	2 00	4 00	7 00	25 00
Two inches	1 50	3 00	5 00	20 00

Business cards $1 00 per month payable quarterly.

The above rates do not apply to auction sales, entertainments, tenders, meetings, legal notices, or anything of a transitory nature. Transient advertisements, 10 cents per line first insertion, 5 cents per line each additional insertion. Yearly advertisement allowed to be changed monthly, if oftener $1 00 will be charged for each additional change.

Business locals, 50 cents for first twenty-five words, 2 cents for each additional word.

The publisher reserves the right to refuse to insert advertisements of a questionable or objectionable character.

Subscription price; $1.00 per annum, invariably in advance; single copies 5 cents.

A liberal commission will be allowed to parties who are willing to act as agents for us. Write for terms.

Address,
THE PROGRESS PRINTING CO.,
Qu'Appelle, Assin.
A. C. PATERSON, Manager.

THURSDAY, MAY 26, 1892.

MEDICINE HAT HOSPITAL.

The annual report of the Medicine Hat General Hospital is to hand. The amount of work done is most convincing proof of the great advantage of having such an institution in the Territories, and should encourage liberal support from all quarters. The grant of $500 from the Legislative Assembly is by no means as large as it should be, and we would like to see it considerably increased at the next session. The following extracts from the report will be of interest to our readers:—Number of patients remaining from last year, 11; number of patients admitted during the year, 160, total, 171. Of this number 122 were males and 49 females. The number of children treated during the year was 29. The average stay per patient was 28.8 days. The largest number of patients in the hospital at any one time was 20. The smallest number of patients in the hospital at one time was five, for one day in the month of July. Only three deaths occurred in the hospital during the year. This is 1.75 per cent. of the total number of admissions, a death-rate many times lower than the average death-rate in Canadian hospitals, and which, considering the large number of operations during the year, is exceedingly fortunate. The number of operations for the year was 149. The health of the resident staff for the year has been exceptionally good. Owing to the largely increasing number of maternity cases, a separate and detached maternity building is almost an absolute necessity. Such a building, furnished and equipped, would cost less than $3,000.

IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

Montreal, May 23.—A cable to the *Star* from London to night says. Canada's fiscal relations with England were eagerly discussed at a large meeting of the city branch of the Imperial Federation league today, and a committee was authorized to submit an outline of a scheme of commercial union of the empire, based as nearly as practicable upon free trade throughout the empire.

Several of the leading men of the committee urged that Canada cease attention to the United States, and lower her tariff against England. They declared that Lord Salisbury's speech voiced England's wish to give the colonies favored treatment.

Sir Charles Tupper made an emphatic speech. He declared he had high authority for the statement that the United States intended by the McKinley tariff to hamper and break down the farmer of Canada and compel Canada to enter the Union. England had tried conciliation too long. She would regain means of retrieving her favor by adopting a preferential tariff. Sir Charles was much cheered.

GRIEVE RE-ELECTED.

The bye-election for North Perth, made vacant by the unseating of the former member, James Grieve, Liberal, took place on Thursday last, resulting in the re-election of Grieve by 99 majority, a slight increase over his majority at the last election. Mr. Grieve is a farmer of Mornington, and his opponent was Mr. David Scrimgeour, a manufacturer, of Stratford. Mr. Grieve's nomination was endorsed by the business men of Stratford. In the general election last year Mr. Grieve was opposed by S. C. Hesson, a Conservative. The vote then was 2,520 for Grieve to 2,449 for Hesson, giving the former a majority of 70.

COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

The following paper on Compulsory Education was read by Mr. E. W. Miller, of Fort Qu'Appelle, at the Teachers' Convention held recently at Woiseley.

Education in these days is a necessity, and parents are guilty of a crime when they refuse or neglect to give their children the largest measure of education which it lies within their power to do.

The moral right of compulsion by the State is now rarley or never questioned. Every citizen in this country enjoys privileges, which, exercised by ignorant men, are a constant menace to good government; and the State has therefore a well-founded right to insist that every child shall have at least that amount of education which will render him reasonably fit for citizenship.

Considering education a national necessity, a very large proportion of the funds required for elementary education is defrayed from national sources; and the part that is raised locally, is levied equally on those who have children to profit by the instruction provided and those who have not. It is proposed indeed that even the books, &c., used by individual scholars should be provided at the public cost. Now, surely, if it is right to compel a citizen to pay a tax to educate his neighbor's child, it connot be tyrannical to compel *that* citizen to have his child educated. Not even parents should be allowed to deprive children of their educational birthright and thus condemn them to social inferiority during all the rest of their future lives.

Fortunately, in Canada at least, we have not many parents who would question the desirability of their children being instructed or the moral obligation that lies on them to see that their children are educated; but, unfortunately, there are many, who, perhaps ignorant themselves, do undervalue its worth, and with shortsighted policy, are more intent on the few dollars that their children's labor may bring them at the present time, and so grudge the time that is spent by them at school. On the other hand, an intelligent man will strive to give his family the best possible education, and his constant ambition will be to see them attain to a higher plane of knowledge than he himself possesses.

It must be admitted that there are many cases which demand a large amount of self-denial on the part of parents, such as when the necessities of a large and youthful family almost compel the elder ones of school age to be kept at home to assist in the manifold household duties; though often we see that, where such comparatively good reasons for non or irregular attendance exist, they are not taken advantage of, thus showing, "where there's a will, there's a way." Again, at special seasons, the pressure of farm work seems to demand the service of every child of an age to help in spite of the claims of school; and the question then arises whether such reasons justify the temporary withdrawal of a scholar from school. We probably all know from experience how difficult it is to overcome such excuses, which seem so reasonable in the minds of those who offer them, but if we are to attain those results, so earnestly to be desired, it seems to me they cannot be admitted.

In England, at the present time, no excuse is taken nor will prevent the penalty of the law for non-attendance being enforced in cases where the child has not reached the necessary standard. In this country, we know there are none so poor as many are there, or who would suffer so much from the loss of their children's services as some of the poorest do in that country. Similar laws prevail in many European countries.

One of the principal obstacles to the success of a teacher's work in his school is the irregularity in attendance of a few of his pupils. It is not only that those who are persistently irregular, make scarcely any progress themselves, but they very injuriously affect the whole of the school. Time and the Timetable do not admit of their being taught separately; they must either be dropped to a lower class or remained in one they soon become unfitted for. In the former case, the proper course, their parents may think that their children are slighted and resent it; in the latter, the class work becomes dull and tedious (as the same ground has to be gone over again and again), to those who already know it and they may reasonably complain that they are kept back by their class-mates' default.

It will be noticed that it is nearly always the parents of these *irregular* attendants who have complaints to make of the want of progress in their children.

I have been unable to find in the recent report of the Board of Education any returns that will fairly show the perceentage of attendance to the number of pupils enrolled in the Northwest Territories. In the all-year schools I find the percentages based on very varying numbers of school days, accounted for I believe, by the fact that some schools are closed at other times than the recognized holidays on account of the very small attendance. Taking a few instances in our own district of schools opened the entire year, I find the following percentages for the quarter ending 30th June, 1891: Indian Head 61, Qu'Appelle 49, Wolseley 54, Fort Qu'Appelle 56, Bonnycastle 52, Kenlis 55. This shows that the average number of pupils present each day at school is little more than half of the number on the registyr.

If a return were made showing the full number of children of school age in each district, and an average struck from that and the full number of days the school should be open, I fear that the results as to the percentage of attendance would be much worse. This certainly leaves room for improvement.

The distance from the school at which some of the pupils reside will, perhaps be pleaded as a reason, but the quarter I have taken is at that time of the year when there are few days which children would be weather-bound. We cannot conceal from ourselves that a thing is often valued not at its intrinsic worth, but according to the difficulty and cost with which it is obtained, and it is almost to be feared that in making education free to all, we have at the same time, with a certain class of people, diminished their desire to secure it for their children. For the same reason, where a small district has established a school at considerable cost to its residents, we shall usually find them using their privileges to a much greater extent than in a larger and wealthier district. Indeed it will be found that the attendance in some country districts where many pupils have one, two, or even three miles to travel, is more regular than in the town schools whose statistics I have quoted.

Non-attendance at school is rarely the fault of the children. I have never found in this country a case of real and genuine disinclination to attend school on the part of a child. Of course there may be instances now and then of children wishing to stay away on accountt of some little trouble they have got into at school, or some passing fit of lassitude or idleness, but in the country especially, children generally look forward with much pleasure to their school hours, which are often their only opportunity of associating with other children; and even in the towns the end of the holidays is more often than not greeted with joy

In my own school this last year, the Trustees have presented prizes for regular attendance and punctuality, which has certainly had a marked effect. But though they are naturally attractive to the children, still I believe this result is more from the desire of the parents that their chhildren should get prizes, than that the wish of the children to attend required any such stimulus. Perhaps in the discussion on the Rev. A. Campbell's paper to-morrow, we may touch on the question as to whether this use of prizes is legitimate.

No doubt we shall be told that the teacher should visit the parents of his absent pupils, point out the loss and injustice to their children, the injury to the school, &c., and in some cases, this will be of benefit; but more often, alas! the only result will be fair promises, a slight amelioration for the next week or so, and then a return to the old courses; with not unlikely a feeling of irritation against the man who had interfered with them. We arrive then at the point that there are some parents who can only be induced to do their duty by fear of the law.

Certain compulsory clauses are embodied in the School Ordinance, unfortunately, I believe that up to the present time they have remained practically a dead letter

But even supposing that they were put in force, can we say that a sufficient attendance at school is required? Children between seven and twelve must attend twelve weeks in the year, six of which must be consecutive. Should that be all that is required? I think net. One hundred days in the year is the least that should be accepted or in which the teacher can be expected to cause any pupil to make a real advance in knowledge, commensurate with his increased age. In the new Ordinance, introduced but not discussed at the last session of the Legislative Assembly, the following clauses were added:—

> The trustees of each school may appoint a truant officer who shall, for the purposes of this Ordinance, be vested with police powers, and trustees shall have authority to make regulations for the direction of such officer in the enforcement of the provisions of this Ordinance as they may deem expedient, provided such regulations are not inconsistent with any of the provisions of this Ordinance, and have been approved by the Superintendent of Education.
>
> Provided that in other than town school districts the provisions of foregoing clauses relating to truancy shall not apply to children who may reside more than one and a half miles from the school house.

This is a further step in the right direction, and will very probably be passed when the Ordinance is again brought forward; but I would suggest that if the clause is to become operative, it should not be made permissive, and therefore optional with the trustees to appoint such an officer, but obligatory.

Naturally trustees are reluctant to take legal steps against their neighbors, but the very appointment of such an officer would, I am convinced, have a most salutary effect on the attendance register.

There is one more point which must materially strengthen the demand for compulsory school attendance at the present time; that is, that under the new system the amount of the grant will materially depend on the regular attendance of the pupils, both directly and indirectly. Ratepayers then may well demand that the children, for the means of whose education they are taxed, should be compelled to attend school, so that the school may earn its full share of grant, or that the parents should be fined the full amount that the district loses by their default—such fine to go to the school fund.

In conclusion, I would suggest that a resolution be drawn up in the name of this Association, pressing on the Legislative Assembly the desirability of increasing the school requirements to at least 100 days attendance in each year for children between the ages of seven and thirteen, and the rendering obligatory the appointment of an attendance officer, other than the teacher, in every district.

WHITEWOOD.

The Grierson block was destroyed by fire on Friday morning. Mr. Sweet, the druggist, lost $1,500 worth of stock. The Mounted Police detachment lost personal property to the value of $100. Charles Street's dwelling was saved by the exertions of the citizens, but was badly damaged. The entire loss is about $3,000 on which there was partial insurance.

E. K. Book, travelling for Garland, of Portage la Prairie, was tried before Messrs. D. Campbell, M.L.A., and J. Cowan, on Saturday, the 14th, on a charge of selling goods in town without a hawker's license. He stated that he had written to his firm about taking out a license, but it had not come to hand. Fined $25 and $7 costs. A hawker's license costs $25. A few months ago an auctioneer was fined in Whitewood under the same ordinance as that upon which the present proceedings were based.

BRITISH FREE TRADE.

Lord Salisbury, in a speech on the 18th inst., at Hastings, England, counselled the working men to follow the example furnished them by nations, and substitute arbitration for violent method. He said that a grave matter in which the prosperity of the country was involved was the question of free trade. "England," he declared, "only maintains the position she occupies by the vast industries existing here; but a danger is growing up. Foreign nations are adopting protection. They are excluding us from their markets, and are trying to kill our trade, and this state of things appears to grow worse."

Qu'Appelle Observatory.

Reading of the thermometer for the week ending Tuesday, May 25th.

	Maximum.	Minimum.
Wednesday, May 18 ..	58	38
Thursday, May 19th ..	56	27
Friday, May 20th	58	28
Saturday, May 21st ..	64	28
Sunday, May 22nd	63	44
Monday, May 23rd	73	46
Tuesday, May 24th	63	37

WIND VELOCITY AND DIRECTION.

	6 A.M.	1 P.M.	6 P.M.
Wednesday	w 26	sw 44	sw 32
Thursday	sw 18	sw 28	sw 26
Friday	sw 18	se 26	sw 20
Saturday	e 4	Calm	se 9
Sunday	se 24	sw 16	sw 22
Monday	w 10	w 29	w 22
Tuesday	w 6	sw 23	sw 14

A DEADLY DILEMMA.

BY GRANT ALLEN, THE FAMOUS CANADIAN NOVELIST.

When Netta Mayne came to think it over afterward in her own room by herself she couldn't imagine what had made her silly enough to quarrel that evening with Ughtred Carnegie. She could only say, in a penitent mood, it was always the way like that with lovers. Till once they've quarreled a good round quarrel, and afterward solemnly kissed and made it all up again, things never stand on a really firm and settled basis between them. It's a move in the game. You must thrust in tierce before you thrust in quarte. The Roman playright spoke the truth after all. A lovers' quarrel begins a fresh chapter in the history of their love making.

It was a summer evening, calm and clear and balmy, and Netta and Ughtred had strolled out together, not without a suspicion at times of hand locked in hand, on the high chalk down that rises steep behind Holmbury. How or why they fell out she hardly knew. But they had been engaged already some months, without a single disagreement, which of course, gave Netta a right to quarrel with Ughtred by this time, if she thought fit, and as they returned down the hanging path through the combe where the wild orchids grow, she used that right at last, out of pure, unadulterated perversity. The ways of women are wonderful; no mere man can fathom them. Something that Ughtred said gave her the chance to make a half petulant answer. Ughtred very naturally defended himself from the imputation of rudeness, and Netta retorted. At the end of 10 minutes the trifle had grown into as pretty a lover's quarrel as any lady novelist could wish to describe in five chapters.

Netta had burst into perfectly orthodox tears, refused to be comforted in the most approved fashion, declined to accept Ughtred's escort home, and bidden farewell to him excitedly for ever and ever.

It was all about nothing, to be sure, and if two older or wiser heads had only stood by unseen to view the little comedy they would sagely have remarked to one another, with a shake, that before 24 hours were out the pair would be rushing into one another's arms with mutual apologies and mutual forgiveness. But Netta Mayne and Ughtred Carnegie were still at the age when one takes love seriously—one does before 30—and so they turned along different paths at the bottom of the combe, in the firm belief that love's young dream was shattered, and that they two were nothing more than passing acquaintances to one another.

"Good-by, Mr. Carnegie," Netta faltered out as in obedience to her wishes, though much against his own will, Ughtred turned slowly and remorsefully down the footpath to the right in the direction of the railway.

"Good-by, Netta," Ughtred answered, half choking. Even in that moment of parting, forever or a day, he couldn't find it in his heart to call her "Miss Mayne," who had so long been "Netta" to him.

He waved his hand and turned along the footpath, looking back many times to see Netta sitting inconsolable where he had left her on the stile that led from the combe into the Four-acre meadow. Both paths to right and left led back to Holmbury over the open field, but they diverged rapidly, and crossed the railway track by separate gates, and 500 yards from each other. A turn in the path, at which Ughtred lingered long hid Netta at last from his sight. He paused and hesitated. It was growing late, though an hour of summer twilight still remained. He couldn't bear to leave Netta thus alone in the field. She wouldn't allow him to see her home to be sure, and that being so, he was too much of a gentleman to force himself upon her. But he was too much of a man, too, to let her find her way back so entirely by herself. Unseen himself, he must still watch over her. Against her will, he must still protect her. He would go on to the railway and there sit by the side of the line under cover of the hedge till Netta crossed by the other path. Then he'd walk quietly along the six-foot way to the gate she had passed through and follow her unperceived at a distance along the lane till he saw her back to Holmbury. Whether she wished it or not he would never leave her.

He looked about for a seat. One lay most handy. By the side of the line the Government engineer had been at work that day, repairing the telegraph system. They had taken down half a dozen moldering old posts and set up new ones in their place—tall, clean, and shiny. One of the old posts still lay at full length on the ground by the gate, just as the men had left it at the end of the day's work. At the end where the foot-path crossed the line was a level crossing, and there Ughtred sat down on the fallen post by the side, half concealed from view by a tall clump of willow herb, waiting patiently for Netta's coming. How he listened for that light foot-fall. His heart was full indeed, of gall and bitterness. He loved her so dearly, and she had treated him so ill. Who would ever have believe that Netta, his Netta, would have thrown him over like that for such a ridiculous trifle? Who, indeed? And least of all Netta herself, sitting alone on the stile with her pretty face bowed deep in her hands, and her poor heart wondering how Ughtred, her Ughtred, could so easily desert her. In such strange ways is the feminine variety of the human heart constructed. To be sure, she had of course dismissed him in the most peremptory fashion, declaring with all the vows propriety permits to the British maiden that she needed no escort of any sort home, and that she would ten thousand times rather go alone than have him accompany her. But, of course, also, she didn't mean it. What woman does? She counted upon a prompt and unconditional surrender. Ughtred would go to the corner, as in duty bound, and then come back to her with profuse expressions of penitence for the wrong he had never done, to make it all up again in the orthodox fashion. She never intended the real tragedy that was soon to follow. She was only playing with her victim—only trying, woman-like, her power over Ughtred.

So she sat there still, and cried and cried on, minute after minute, in an ecstacy of misery, till the sunset began to glow deeper red in the western sky, and the bell to ring the curfew in Holmbury tower. Then it dawned upon her slowly with a shock of surprise that after all—incredible! impossible!—Ughtred had positively taken her at her word and wasn't coming back at all to-night to her.

At that the usual womanly terror seized upon her soul. Her heart turned faint. This was too terrible. Great Heavens! what had she done? Had she tried Ughtred too far, and had he really gone? Was he never going to return to her at all? Had he said good-bye in earnest to her forever and ever?

Terrified at the thought and weak with crying, she rose and struggled down the narrow footpath toward the further crossing. It was getting late now, and Netta by this time was really frightened. She wished with all her heart she hadn't sent away Ughtred—if it were only for the tramps: a man is such a comfort. And then there was that dreadful dog at Milton Court to pass. And Ughtred was gone, and all the world was desolate.

Thinking these things in a tumult of fear to herself, she staggered along the path, feeling tired at heart, and positively ill with remorse and terror. The color had faded now out of her pretty red cheeks. Her eyes were dim and swollen with crying. She was almost half glad Ughtred couldn't see her just then, she was such a fright with her long spell of brooding. Even her bright print dress and her straw hat with the poppies in it couldn't redeem, she felt sure, her pallor and her wretchedness. But Ughtred was gone, and the world was a wilderness. And he would never come back, and the dog at Milton Court was so vicious.

As she walked or rather groped her way, for she couldn't see for crying, down the path by the hedge, at every step she grew fainter and fainter. Ughtred was gone, and the world was a blank, and there were tramps and dogs, and it was getting dark, and she loved him so much, and mamma would be so angry.

Turning over which thoughts with a whirling brain, for she was but a girl after all, she reached the little swinging gate that led to the railway, and pushed it aside with vague numbed hands, and stood gazing vacantly at the long curved line in front of her.

Suddenly a noise rose sharp in the field behind her. It was only a colt, to be sure, disturbed by her approach, dashing wildly across his paddock, as is the way with young horseflesh. But to Netta it came as an indefinite terror magnified ten thousand fold by her excited feelings. She made a frenzied dash for the other side of the railway. What it was she knew not, but it was or might be anything, everything—mad bulls, drunken men, footpads, vagabonds, murderers.

Oh, how could Ughtred ever have taken her at her word, and left her, like this, alone, and in the evening? It was cruel, it was wicked of him; she hated to be disloyal, and yet she felt in her heart it was most unmanly.

As she rushed along wildly, at the top of her speed, her little foot caught on the first rail. Before she knew what had happened she had fallen with her body across the line. Faint and terrified already with a thousand vague alarms, the sudden shock stunned and disabled her. Mad bull or drunken men, they might do as they liked now. She was bruised and shaken. She had no thought left to rise and recover herself. Her eyes closed heavily. She lost consciousness at once. It was a terrible position. She had fainted on the line with the force of the situation.

As for Ughtred, from his seat on the telegraph post on the side of the line 500 yards further up, he saw her pause by the gate, then dash across the road, then stumble and trip, then fall heavily forward. His heart came up into his mouth at once at the sight. Oh, thank heaven, he was near. She had fallen across the line, and a train might come along before she could rise again. She seemed to be hurt, too. In a frenzy of suspense he darted forward to save her.

It took it but a second for him to realize that she had fallen and was seriously hurt, but in the course of that second, even as he realized it all, another and more pressing terror seized him.

Hark! What was that? He listened and thrilled. Oh, — too horrible — it must be—the railway! He knew it. He felt it. Along up the line on which Netta was lying he heard behind him—oh, unmistakable, unthinkable, the whirr of the express dashing madly down behind him. Great heavens, what could he do? The train was coming, the train was almost this moment upon them. Before he could have time to rush wildly forward and snatch Netta from where she lay, full in its path, a helpless weight, it would have swept him resistlessly, and borne down upon her like lightning.

The express was coming—to crush Netta to pieces.

In these awful moments men don't think; they don't even realize what their action means; they simply act and act instinctively. Ughtred felt in a second, without even consciously feeling it, so to speak, that any attempt to reach Netta now before the devouring engine had burst upon her at full speed would be absolutely hopeless.

His one chance lay in stopping the train somehow. How, or where or with what he cared not. His own body would do it if nothing else came. Only stop it, stop it. He didn't think of it at all at that moment as a set of carriages containing a precious set of lives. He thought of it only as a horrible, cruel, devouring creature rushing headway on at full speed to Netta's destruction. It was a senseless wild beast to be combated at all hazards. It was a hideous, ruthless, relentless thing, to be choked in its mad career in no matter what fashion. All he knew, indeed, was that Netta—his Netta—lay helpless on the track and that the engine, like some madman, puffing and snorting with wild glee and savage exsultation, was hastening forward with fierce strides to crush and mangle her.

At any risk he must stop it—with anything—anyhow.

As he gazed around him, horrorstruck, with blank inquiring stare, and with this one fixed idea possessing his whole soul, Ughtred's eye happened to fall upon the dismanteled telegraph post, on which but one minute before he had been sitting. The sight inspired him. Ha, ha! a glorious chance. He could lift it on the line. He could lay it across the rails. He could turn it round into place. He could upset the train. He could place it in the way of that murderous engine.

No sooner thought than done. With the wild energy of despair the young man lifted the small end of the ponderous post bodily up in his arms, and twisting it on the big base as on an earth-fast pivot, managed by main force and with a violent effort to lay it at last full in front of the advancing locomotive. How he did it, he never rightly knew himself, for the weight of the great bulk was simply enormous. But horror and love and the awful idea that Netta's life was at stake seemed to supply him at once with unwonted energy. He lifted it in his arms as he would have lifted a child and, straining in every limb, stretched it at last full across both rails, a formidable obstacle before the approaching engine.

Hurrah! hurrah! he had succeeded now. It would throw the train off the line, and Netta would be saved for him.

To think and do all this under the spur of the circumstances took Ughtred something less than 20 seconds. In a great crisis men live rapidly. It was quick as thought. And at the end of it all he saw the big log laid right across the line with infinite satisfaction. Such a splendid obstacle that. So round and heavy! It must throw the train clean off the metals! It must produce a fine, first-class catastrophe.

As he thought it, half aloud, a sharp curve brought the train round the corner close to where he stood, great drops of sweat now oozing clammily from every pore with his exertion. He looked at it languidly, with some vague, dim sense of duty accomplished, and a great work well done for Netta and humanity. There would be a real live accident in a moment now—a splendid accident—a first-rate catastrophe!

And then, with a sudden burst of inspiration, the other side of the transaction flashed in one electric spark upon Ughtred's brain. Why—this—was murder! There were people in that train—innocent human beings, men and women like himself, who would next minute be wrecked and mangled corpses, or writhing forms, on the track before him! He was guilty of a crime—he was trying to produce a terrible, ghastly, bloody railway accident!

Till that second the idea had never even so much as occurred to him. In the first wild rush of horror at Netta's situation he had thought only of her. He had regarded the engine only as a hateful, cruel, destructive living being. He had forgotten the passengers, the stoker, the officials. He had been conscious only of Netta and of that awful thing, breathing flame and steam, that was rushing on to destroy her. For another invisible second of time Ughtred Carnegie's soul was the theatre of a terrible and appealing struggle. What on earth was he to do? Which of the two was he to sacrifice? Should it be murder or treachery? Must he wreck the train or mangle Netta? The sweat stood upon his brow in great clammy drops at that dread dilemma. It was an awful question for any man to solve. He shrank aghast before that deadly decision.

They were innocent, to be sure, the people in that train. They were unknown men, women and children. They had the same right to their lives as Netta herself. It was crime, sheer crime, thus to seek to destroy them. But still—what would you have? Netta lay there helpless on the line—his own dear Netta. And she had parted with him in anger but half an hour since. Could he leave her to be destroyed by that hideous, puffing thing? Has not any man the right to try and save the lives he loves best, no matter at what risk or peril to others? He asked himself this question, too, vaguely, instinctively, with the rapid haste of a life and death struggle; asked himself with horror, for he had no strength left now to do one thing or the other—to remove the obstacle from the place where he had laid it or to warn the driver. One second alone remained and then all would be over. On it came, roaring, flaring, glaring, with its great bulls eyes now peering red round the corner—a terrible fiery dragon, resistless, unconscious, bearing down in mad glee upon the pole—or Netta.

Which of the two should it be—the pole or Netta?

And still he waited; and still he temporized. What, what would he do? Oh, Heaven! be merciful. Even as the engine swept, snorting and puffing steam, round the corner, he doubted and temporized. He reasoned with his own conscience in the quick shorthand of thought. So far it wouldn't be murder of malice prepense, as intent was concerned he was guiltless. When he laid that log there in the way of the train he never believed—nay, never even knew—it was a train with a living freight of men and women he was trying to imperil. He felt to it merely as a mad engine unattached. He realized only Netta's pressing danger. Was he bound now to undo what he had innocently done—and leave Netta to perish? Must he take away the post and be Netta's murderer?

It was a cruel dilemma for any man to have to face. If he had had half an hour to debate and decide, now, he might, perhaps, have seen his way a little clearer. But with that hideous thing actually rushing, red and wrathful, on his sight—why—he clapped his hands to his ears. It was too much for him—too much for him.

And yet he must face it and act or remain passive, one way or the other. With a desperate effort he made up his mind at last just as the train burst upon him, and all was over.

He made up his mind and acted accordingly.

As the engine turned the corner the driver, looking ahead in the clear evening light, saw something that made him start with sudden horror and alarm. A telegraph pole lay stretched full length, and a man, unknown, stood agonized by its side, stooping down, as he thought, to catch and move it. There was no time to stop her now; no time to avert the threatened catastrophe. All the driver could do in his haste was to put the brake on hard and endeavor to lessen the force of the inevitable concussion. But even as he looked and wondered at the sight, putting on the brake, meanwhile, with all his might and main, he saw the man in front perform, to his surprise, an heroic action. Rushing full upon the line, straight before the very lights of the advancing train, the man unknown lifted up the pole by main force, and brandishing its end, as it were, wildly in the driver's face, hurled the hugh black bulk, with a terrible effort, to the side of the railway. It fell with a crash and the man fell with it. There was a second's pause, while the driver's heart stood still with terror. Then a jar—a thud—a deep scratch into the soil. A wheel was off the line; they had met with an accident.

For a moment or two the driver only knew that he was shaken up and hurt, but not severely. The engine had left the track and the carriages lay behind slightly shattered. He could see how it happened. Part of the pole in falling had rebounded on to the line. The base of the great timber had struck the near side wheel and sent it off the track in a vain effort to surmount it. But the brake had already slackened the pace and broken the force of the shock. The possible damage was very inconsiderable and they must look along the carriages and find out who was hurt. And, above all things, what had become of the man who had so nobly rescued them? For the very first thing the engine driver had seen of Ughtred as the train stopped short was that the man who flung the pole from the track before the advancing engine was knocked down by its approach, while the train to all appearance passed bodily over him. For good or evil, Ughtred had made his decision at last at the risk of his own life. As the train dashed on, with its living freight aboard his native instinct of preserving life got the better of him in spite of himself. He couldn't let those innocent souls die by his own act—though if he removed the pole and Netta was killed he didn't know himself how he could ever outlive it.

He prayed with all his heart that the train might kill him.

The guard and the driver ran hastily along the train. Nobody was hurt, though many were shaken or badly bruised. Even the carriages had escaped with a few small cracks. The Holmbury smash was nothing very serious.

But the man with the pole? Their preserver their friend. Where was he all this time? What on earth had become of him?

They looked along the line. They searched the track in vain. He had disappeared as if by magic. Not a trace could be found of him.

After looking long and uselessly, again and again, the guard and the driver both gave it up. They had seen the man distinctly—not a doubt about that—and so had several of the passengers as well. But no sign of blood was to be discovered along the track. The mysterious being who, as they had believed, risked his own life to save theirs had vanished as he had come, one might almost say by a miracle.

And, indeed, as a matter of fact, when Ughtred Carnegie fell on the track before the advancing engine he thought for a moment it was all up with him. He was glad of that, too, for he had murdered Netta. It would dash on now unresisted and crush his darling to death. It was better he should die, having murdered Netta. So he closed his eyes tight and waited for it to kill him.

But the train passed on, jarring and scraping, partly with the action of the brake—though partly, too, with the wheel digging into the ground at the side; it passed on and over him altogether, coming, as it did so, to a sudden standstill. As it stopped a fierce cry rose uppermost in Ughtred's scul. Thank Heaven, all was well. He breathed once more easily. He had fallen on his back across the sleepers in the middle of the track. It was not really the train that had knocked him down at all, but the recoil of the telegraph post. The engines and carriages had gone over him safely. He wasn't seriously hurt. He was only bruised and sprained and jarred and shaken.

Rising up behind the train as it slackened, he ran hastily toward the off side, toward where Netta lay unconscious on the line in front of it. Nobody saw him run past; and no wonder either, for every eye was turned toward the near side of the obstruction. A person running fast by the opposite windows was very little likely to attract attention at such a moment. Every step pained him, to be sure, for he was bruised and stiff; but he ran on none the less till he came up at last to where Netta lay. There he bent over her eagerly. Netta raised her head, opened her eyes and looked. In a moment the vague sense of a terrible catastrophe averted came somehow over her. She flung her arms around his neck. "Oh, Ughtred, you've come back!" she cried in a torrent of emotion.

"Yes, darling," Ughtred answered, his voice half choked with tears. I've come back to you now, for ever and ever."

He lifted her in his arms and carried her some little way off up the left-hand path. His heart was very full. 'Twas a terrible moment, for as yet he hardly knew what harm he might have done by his fatal act. He only knew he had tried his best to undo the wrong he had unconsciously wrought, and if the worst came he would give himself up now like a man to offended justice.

But the worst did not come. Blind fate had been merciful. Next day the papers were full of the accident of the Great Southern express; eventually divided between denunciation of the miscreant who placed the obstruction in the way of the train and admiration of the heroic, but unrecognizable stranger who had rescued from death so many helpless passengers at so imminent a risk to his own life or safety. Only Ughtred knew that the two were one and the same person. And when Ughtred found out how little harm had been done by the infatuated act—an act he felt he could never possibly explain in its true light to any other person—he thought it wisest on the whole to lay no claim to either the praise or the censure. The world could never be made to understand the terrible dilemma in which he was placed—the one-sided way in which the problem at first presented itself to him—the deadly struggle through which he had passed before he could make up his mind, at the risk of Netta's life to remove the obstacle. Only Netta understood; and even Netta herself knew no more than this, that Ughtred had risked his own life to save her.

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"August Flower"

"I inherit some tendency to Dyspepsia from my mother. I suffered two years in this way; consulted a number of doctors. They did me no good. I then used your August Flower and it was just two days when I felt great relief. I soon got so that I could sleep and eat, and I felt that I was well. That was three years ago, and I am still first-class. I am never without a bottle, and if I feel constipated the least particle a dose or two of August Flower does the work. The beauty of the medicine is, that you can stop the use of it without any bad effects on the system. While I was sick I felt everything it seemed to me a man could feel. I was of all men most miserable. I can say, in conclusion, that I believe August Flower will cure anyone of indigestion, if taken with judgment • A. M. Weed, 229 Bellefontaine St., Indianapolis, Ind." •

Relieved In Two Days.

Constipation

Life of Misery

ALWAYS TRUE.

RHEUMATISM.—Col. DAVID WYLIE, Brockville, Ont., says: "I suffered intensely with rheumatism in my ankles. Could not stand; rubbed them with

ST. JACOBS OIL.

In the morning I walked without pain."

NEURALGIA.—MR. JAMES BONNER, 138 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont., writes: "St. Jacobs Oil is the only remedy that relieved me of neuralgia, and it effectually cured me."

IT IS THE BEST.

A Dress of Spiders' Webs.

Mrs. White mentions as a great curiosity the dress made from spiders' webs presented to the Queen by the Empress of Brazil in 1877. Most certainly it is, and to most British minds such a thing might seem incredible; but if your correspondent were to visit Fiji—which is famous for its magnificent spiders—he might, perhaps, have less cause for wonder. The web made by the big yellow spider here is very large and strong; but in addition to the web proper, in which flies, mosquitoes, etc., are caught, it spins a cocoon of orange-colored, silky, gossamer-like stuff, which, if taken up in the fingers, requires quite an effort to break. This stuff, I can conceive, might be woven into material for a dress. Might not the dress in question have been composed of similar material made by the Brazilian spiders?

I can hardly, even now, believe that it could have been composed of what we understand to be the ordinary spider's web. I can quite imagine, however, that such a material might be of some commercial value as one frequently hears complaints at the present day of a want of fineness in fibers or materials used for scientific purposes.

I may add that our cockroaches are huge, too; but, by a merciful dispensation of Providence, our spiders are in proportion. The particular enemy of the cockroach here is not the big yellow spider above mentioned, but a long-legged, formidable-looking brown spider, called the "hunting-spider." I can not find out that this species spins any web, but apparently depends upon its great activity for securing its prey. I know, however, that it can bite pretty sharply, as I once saw one draw blood from the finger of a doctor friend of mine who was capturing it for me. It is often to be seen hugging a large, flattened, circular, cream-colored bag, which, I take it, contains its eggs. We never kill spiders in Fiji.

Job's Endurance.

A man may bear up patiently for hours under trials of physical endurance, but when prolonged to years we cry out. But why should we suffer thus? There is a sure and prompt cure. Bethany, Mo., U. S. A. Aug. 4th, 1888. "I suffered for years with neuralgia, but was finally cured by the use of St. Jacobs Oil." T. B. SHERER.

Discovery of Sapphires in Queensland.

The Government Geologist of Queensland confirms the recent reports as to the valuable discoveries of sapphires as Withersfield, on the Central Railway line, in that colony. He states that the stones are equal to the finest gems in the mineralogical cabinets of Europe, and believes that diamonds will also be found. The lessees have refused an offer of £50,000 for the property

Hints For The Annual Clearing Up.

White spots can be removed from furniture by holding a hot iron over, but not on, the place.

The yolk of an egg in half a pint of tepid rain water, with a little powdered borax added, with a teaspoonful of spirits of camphor, will take spots out of black goods.

Teapots should be washed thoroughly with strong soda and water and then rinsed well and perfectly dried each day if one would prevent the curious haylike smell often noticed in a teapot.

The usual average in reckoning the cost of living for each person in the dining room is $5 a week.

Nothing is better for restoring the brightness of polished tables than rubbing them with a linen rag dipped in cold drawn linseed oil.

A good handful of salt should be added to the water in which matting is washed. The salt keeps the matting in color. Do not use soap.

Grease stains on wall paper way be removed by mixing pipe clay with enough water to make a sort of cream. Spread this rather thickly on the stain, leave it on for twenty-four hours, then take it off carefully with a knife and dust and brush the paper thoroughly.

A capital wash for stained boards is made by boiling one-half pound of slacked lime and one pound of soda in six quarts of water for two hours. Let this settle, then pour off the clear part for use.

You can tell it a bed is damp by laying your hand glass between the sheets for a few moments. If the sheets are not properly dried the glass will be clouded.

Oranges and lemons with green leaves intermixed make a pretty dish for decorative purposes.

Pearl knife handles should be rubbed with a salt rag dipped in fine table salt, then polished with leather.

A little soap and warm water applied frequently is better for cleaning your lacquered brass than all the cleansing materials in the world.

Mr. Gladstone in Speech.

The Evening Post published at London thus describes Mr. Gladstone as he looked and spoke in the debate on the Clergy Discipline bill on Thursday evening:

"The right honorable gentleman was in excellent voice. It is trite to say so, but for years he has not spoken with so much resonance, with so much of that rich, fruity tone, so peculiarly his own, as he did last night. The sense of hearing was delightful. His gesticulations, too, were remarkably dramatic. He emphasized his points by sweeps of the arm, by striking the papers on his despatch box, by swaying of the body in a mannner that would have been a lesson to a past master in the art of gesture. He lived again in his youth. His back was as straight as that of an officer of the guards; his figure as lithe as that of a Greek athlete, and, as his intellect heated with thought, his face glowed with radiating expression, and his voice grew in volume, ripeness, and charm of tone. The House filled up, and he held all intellects as by a spell. His vitality is marvellous.

"If we ask what is the secret of his wonderful voice the answer is obvious. It is in the possession of an exceptional organism. His chest is of extraordinary depth, even now. Though when he is walking across the floor of the House he seems bowed and shrunken with age, when he is speaking his chest expands and his shoulders are squared—an actual physical transformation takes place before one's eyes. Another obvious explanation of the quality of his voice is the rapidity and vividness with which his ideas trooped into his mind clad in instructive language. With a mind liquefied with ideas and a physique which had defied age, it is no wonder, after all, that his voice should be so finely effective. Last night's speech was indeed a triumph, and none cheered more heartily than the political opponents with whom, for once, he was in cordial agreement."

A man's best friends are his ten fingers.

The wise man has his follies no less than the fool; but herein lies the difference—the follies of the fool are known to the world, but are hidden from himself; the follies of the wise are known to himself, but are hidden from the world.

The prudent sees only the difficulties, the bold only the advantages, of a great enterprise; the hero sees both, diminishes those, makes these predominate, and conquers.

The delicacy of our dry goods merchants is inexpressibly sweet. One of them has this sign over a lot of shop-worn muslin nightgowns: "Dream robes, eighty-nine cents." Another enterprising clerk has a stock of garters labeled "Novel designs in knee-girdles."

The Sting Within.

It is said there is a rankling thorn in every heart, and yet that none would exchange their own for that of another. Be that as it may, the sting arising from the heart of a corn is real enough, and in this land of tight boots a very common complaint also. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is a never failing remedy for this kind of heartache, as you can easily prove it afflicted. Cheap, sure, painless. Try the genuine and use no other.

Spangles are used on everything. They are seen on gowns, bonnets, and especially on fans.

Nature's Creative Powers Surpass

all the arts of man. Fearless of contradiction, St Leon mineral water has proved its superiority. Used freely as a table water it absorbs those secretions that quench life. Also St. Leon soothes, feeds, and tones up the nerve and vital forces, is so full of that mysterious life, sustaining fluid can be ignited. The charmed, refined feelings that flow steadily on when St. Leon is imbibed those only can tell who try it well.

We believe that to ask a man's advice is not stooping, but of much benefit.

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We believe that every farm should own a good farmer.

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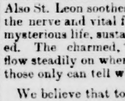

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A MARVELLOUS FLESH PRODUCER

it is indeed, and the little lads and lassies who take cold easily, may be fortified against a cough that might prove serious, by taking Scott's Emulsion after their meals during the winter season.

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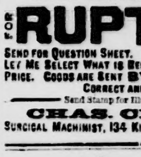

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To a Woman's Eyes.

I.

Black eyes, like dark gems that the red torch-beams flash on,
As deep in some cavern they hide from the light,
Blaze fitfully forth when a glimmer of passion
Disturbs their fierce beauty and startles their night.
But blue eyes are brimmed
With a light all their own,
That is not bedimmed,
Though all others have flown—
So soft in their shining, yet strong to illume,
When turned on a heart that is haunted with gloom.

II.

Like tropical skies when voluptuous languor
Broods o'er them at night, are black eyes in repose;
Like topical skies when the cyclone's swift anger
Breaks forth, are those eyes when the passion o'erflows.
But tender blue eyes,
Whether mournful or glad,
Are like April skies,
At once smiling and sad;
And the tears that they shed fall as gently as dew,
With a sense of the sunshine just quivering through.

III.

Ah, dark eyes, I fear ye! Your mythical splendor
Must charm me, moth-like, though I follow in fright.
Then lure me no more, lest my whole soul surrender,
And sear its weak wings in thy dangerous light.
But blue eyes, confiding
And wistful and sweet,
Shine ye for the guiding
Of wandering feet!
Most heavenly things are divinely deep-blue:
'Tis the tint of pure skies, 'tis the color o you.

A BOYCOTTED BABY.

CHAPTER III.—JEM'S BABY.

Matthew Bulbous was thankful when the daylight came at last on that Christmas morning. He rose at once, and wandered restlessly about the rooms below until breakfast. In spite of his vigorous common-sense, the affair of the previous night left a most uneasy impression on his mind. Not that he troubled himself as to what it really was—he knew this well enough; but he could not shake off a superstitious fear as to what it meant. More than once he went into the study and regarded thoughtfully the spot on which the visitor stood. His memory was usually excellent in even small matters, but it disturbed and annoyed him excessively to find that by no effort could he recollect where he had seen that face before. The strangest fact was his recognition of the face on this occasion without being able to see it.

"At anyrate," he reflected "the thing was an imposture. It was not Jem's wife, who was quite another sort of female. But where did I see this one before?"

It was no use vexing himself with the effort to remember. After breakfast, while he was impatiently wishing it were four o'clock, an idea struck him of going privately to Jem's wife's funeral. It would help to pass the time, and it would also be satisfying. He announced this Christian resolution to his wife, by way of set-off to his uncharitable feelings of the day before, and left home. But he did not know the address, and much as he would have wished to see the funeral without even his brother's knowledge, Joseph was the only person from whom he could get the address. When he arrived at Chelsea, however, the landlady said Mr. Joseph Bulbous was not at home. Interrogated further, she said he had particularly mentioned that he was going out to Penge to a funeral, the funeral of his nephew's wife, and that he was not coming back until late in the evening. The information was satisfactory, in so far as it confirmed the fact that there was no deception about Jem's wife being really dead Matthew Bulbous straightway drove to Victoria Station but took a train to Penge where he arrived in thirty minutes.

Finding a four-wheeled cab at the station, he inquired of the driver if the cemetery was far off—there was a funeral going there which he wanted to meet. The driver knew all about the cemetery, and he also knew of a funeral for which a friend's equipage had been chartered—the name was Bulbous, and they would pass the house. Matthew got into the cab. After driving down the main street of Penge, they turned to the right up Croydon Road, and he observed with a feeling of reassurance a hearse and two mourning coaches standing before one of the small villas which fringed the road.

On the top of the hill there is an inn, where another road crosses Croydon Road at right angles, and from this spot the cemetery was visible on rising ground about half a mile off. Matthew thought this would be a good point to obtain a view of the funeral as it passed, as he could conceal himself in the bar of the inn. He detained the cab, therefore, and went into the house.

Presently the funeral came by. The hearse was an honest hearse with glass panels, admitting of no deception as to a coffin being inside. Next the hearse came the principal mourning coach, whose occupants he scanned narrowly, but with a nervous start which attracted the curiosity of the barkeeper. First, he recognised his son, with a band on his hat; but beside him sat a lady heavily veiled in crape—the same person, if identity between substance and shadow were possible, who had visited Matthew Bulbous the night before! Her face was so thickly veiled as to be undiscernible to an ordinary eye; but Matthew Bulbous's recognition of it was undoubted and startling.

For some minutes he was dazed; but the purpose for which he came was still unconsciously active, and he followed the funeral at a distance in the cab. He was able in due time to see, from a safe place, the coffin lowered into the grave and the earth shovelled in upon it. Then he drove to another station, and got back to Blackheath by train.

He was glad to have been able to witness the burial without the knowledge of his brother, and he told his wife that, being unable to find the address, he had not left London. Joseph, therefore, would be left in the dark. But he did not suspect that, in passing the public-house, Joseph, who sat in the second coach, had glanced into the bar as an object of interest, and had detected his brother's face through the door.

At four o'clock Joseph Bulbous arrived, and after paying his respects to the ladies, went to the study and remarked that it was all over.

"All over, is it?" said Matthew carelessly, putting down the newspaper he had been reading. "I thought of going myself, after all, and actually went to Chelsea. But you were gone, and I didn't know the address."

"So you came home again? Well, now I remember it, I never did give you Jem's address—you never asked me. However, it doesn't matter, I suppose?"

"Not in the least," said Matthew.

Now, as the reader knows, there were two points on which Matthew Bulbous was particularly anxious to obtain information—namely, the identity of the lady who sat with his son in the first carriage, and whether there was a baby. As to the first, his lips were sealed, for he would not divulge either the visit he had received the previous night, or the fact that he had been at the funeral. But on the second point he was not left long without information.

"I suppose," said Matthew after a pause, "Jem is not much cut up on account of her death?"

"Well, no, Matt," was the solemn reply; "he couldn't very well be cut up. He did his duty by her, better than most men would have done—better than she deserved. It must be a relief to him, though he doesn't say a word."

"What does he intend doing?"

"I don't think he has any plans yet. If you are inclined to overlook the past, the best thing to do would be to let him go abroad for a while—not very long—and by the time he returned he would have got over everything."

It was the very thing Matthew wanted, but he was not going to say so. He therefore took some minutes to think over it before he answered.

"If he wishes to go away for a bit—and to hvae the past overlooked," he said, measuring out his words slowly and with emphasis, "you may tell him I will supply him with all the money he requires. But it will be on two conditions—first, that he leaves England at once; and second, that he holds no communication with his mother or any one else until he returns. If he agrees to these, you may come to my office the day after to-morrow and I will give you the money for him."

"Very well. I think he will agree. Then, about the baby"——

"What! there's a baby, then?" he exclaimed, with an angry start. He was more than angry—he was indignant. What was the good of the woman dying if she left the luckless marriage perpetuated by a child? Yes, there was a baby, Joseph said in a pathetic voice; a pitiful little thing, just such as might be expected from such a mother—sickly, puny, and ill-formed.

"It will be a mercy if it dies," Joseph observed; "but it isn't likely to die. Things of that sort die hard."

Matthew Bulbous rose and paced rapidly up and down. He was powerfully moved over this matter. Again and again, he indignantly exclaimed in his angry thoughts that the woman might as well not have died at all. But there was one thing clear. The baby must go!—it must leave his path—it was a fact with which no compromise could be contemplated.

Did Joseph Bulbous, sitting there silent and apparently abstracted, suspect what was passing in his brother's thoughts? Possibly he did, for he was the only person who knew Matthew down to the sole of his feet—knew him, indeed, better than the elder brother knew himself.

"You wouldn't care, Matt, I suppose," he remarked thoughtfully, "for your wife to know about this baby? Women have such unaccountable ways where babies are concerned, you never know what they'll do. You wouldn't care, I suppose," Joseph observed mildly, "to have the child in your house?"

For an instant Matthew glared savagely at the mere suggestion, with the blood hot in his face. "Look here!" he exclaimed, with suppressed anger, "it would be ill for my wife, or for any woman of our family, to oppose me in this—ill for her and hers. I'll have none of it! You understand me? I hope Jem has not written to any of them about the child? If he has, you had better for their own sakes, let them know what I say."

"He has not done so. Nobody knows anything about the child. But what do you intend to do with it?"

This required thought. There was one thing clear to Matthew Bulbous—he must depend on his brother to help him out of this grave embarrassment. There was no one who could accomplish it better, if he had the will; and, notwithstanding the past, there was no one else on whose fidelity he could so fully rely. But it would be necessary to confide in his brother if his agency were to be secured in this emergency.

"What do I intend to do with it?" Matthew repeated. "You must help me in this matter, Joe; it is the last service I shall ask of you, and I shall not forget it when you are going. Now I'll tell you exactly how it stands."

He related what had passed between him and Lord Polonius, and of course Joseph Bulbous saw the situation at once. There was a silence of several minutes. Then Matthew spoke again, but all he said was the monosyllable: "Well?"

There are many ways of pronouncing this short word, and the way in which Matthew Bulbous uttered it now caused his brother to draw a deep breath and slightly raise his shoulders.

"What I have said to Lord Polonius, Joe, must be made true, in fact. The Thing is not worth being in the way of a less important business. I don't care how it's done or what it costs, so long as it is done safely. You understand me now?"

"Very well," replied the other. "I am acquainted with a—private institution, which makes a specialty of that line of business. I'll see what I can do."

On the next day but one Joseph Bulbous called at the office. James Bulbous had accepted his father's proposal, and was ready to start for the continent that afternoon. Matthew gave his brother a roll of banknotes for the purpose; and then the latter reported the gratifying intelligence that he had arranged an interview for Matthew with the Lady Principal of the institution which he had referred to. Matthew made a grimace, as though he would prefer to decline a personal meeting; and suggested the arrangement being entirely carried out by Joseph himself.

"That's impossible," replied the latter. "The lady is a lady of high standing in her profession, like yourself, and will only negotiate with principals."

On being assured that Jem had not communicated in any way with his mother—whose knowledge of the baby's existence, gentle as she was, Matthew felt would have been unfavourable to his business—he reluctantly agreed to attend at his brother's lodging at seven o'clock.

He felt far from comfortable as he drove to Chelsea in the evening. The consciousness that he was taking a principal part in putting an end to a life that stood in his way, made itself very troublesome in a breast which was naturally cowardly. Matthew had, while keeping well outside of the law, taken a hand in shady proceedings before now in order to make money; but he had never been concerned in so hazardous a matter as this. Not that his moral sense was touched—it was the risk he was thinking of; the infant's life itself was as nothing to him in comparison with the advantages to be gained by putting an end to it.

As he stepped out of the cab, he rallied himself with the reflection that this kind of thing was done every day—was, in a sense, legitimized for want of evidence to hunt it down when done by careful professional hands.

At his request Joseph went out as the lady came in, for it was a business not requiring a witness. Matthew glanced at her curiously. She wore a reassuring aspect of "business" in her countenance, looking straight at him with an expression in her steady eye and well-set mouth—the latter encircled by a growth of resolute bristles—which indicated strength of character. Mrs. Griffon proceeded to business without delay. She understood that Mr. B.—it was her professional practice to mention names by initials—wished to entrust to her care an infant whose father had gone abroad, its mother being deceased. She also understood that the baby was delicate, and hardly—all right. Mr. Bulbous regretfully implied that this was so. Then Mrs. Griffon uttered a sympathetic "Ah!" and pointed out how them was the objects as lived when other babies died—that such was her experience: that they seemed to live on their misery, and generally did credit to their keep. Of course for the care of such a baby as that, requiring extra attention and etceteras, terms was necessarily higher than ordinary; likewise, as we never know what may happen, there was doctor and funeral expenses to be considered. The result of the negotiations was the payment to Mrs. Griffon (in cash) of fifty pounds, provisionally; at the end of three weeks, should further arrangements be necessary, a small sum would be paid weekly for the child's maintenance. This sum would be so small that it would obviously not be the interest of Mrs. Griffon to look forward to it.

Regular reports came to Matthew Bulbous, by request. No parent was ever more anxious. In three days he learned that, after all, the baby's vitality did not seem so tenacious since its mother's death. Mothers, as Mrs. Griffon explained, contrived to keep such things alive when all the attention and science of an experienced nurse failed to do so, which was one of those strange facts no one was capable of explaining. Consequently, though far from desiring to alarm Mr. Bulbous, Mrs. Griffon felt it her duty to prepare him for what might happen in the course of nature. Joseph Bulbous came to the office one morning at the end of a week. "The doctor," he stated gravely, "says it is impossible to keep the child alive—he has tried all his skill."

"Oh, he has, has he?" Matthew observed.

"Yes. Radical disease from birth—called it some hard name which I forget.—Mrs. Griffon," he added, "wanted to leave town in a couple of days, to pay a visit to a dear friend who is ill; but she can't leave the baby in that critical condition."

"Hasn't she some one to take her place?" demanded Matthew.

"Yes, of course there is the—the staff," replied Joseph, wiping some moisture from the corner of one of his eyes. "But, professionally, she feels bound to be in at the—I mean, to be on the spot on such important occasions. However, the doctor says it is very likely she will be able to go."

Matthew Bulbous drew a deep breath. He would give a thousand pounds for the whole thing to be over. He could not command an easy moment until it was past and safely buried in oblivion.

"Joe," he said, "telegraph to me immediately—you understand? And I would like to know the nature of the disease. Ask the doctor to send me a report, and I will pay him for it."

Within two hours the report arrived by a messenger who was instructed to "wait answer." The report was scientific and satisfactory, and Matthew Bulbous wrote out a cheque for five guineas and sent it to the doctor.

Sending a cheque was not a prudent act, as he recollected after it was gone. The doctor, he was aware, or he suspected, was a confederate of Mrs. Griffon, and if anything went wrong, the cheque might be awkward evidence of Matthew Bulbous's relations with the parties. He had been careful to pay Mrs. Griffon in cash and without a witness. Now that it was too late he was annoyed on account of the cheque, much more so than another man would have been, for Matthew Bulbous was in the habit of carefully considering minor details in connection with important transactions.

The hour of his deliverance was nearer then he expected, but it came accompanied by a fresh circumstance of great vexation. At nine o'clock that evening he had a telegram—from his brother, of course, though it was not signed—in the following terms: "Child died at seven o'clock. Will be buried to-morrow."

Joseph Bulbous had had large experience in framing telegrams in terms intelligible only to the receiver. Was he drunk when sending this, not to remember that it was a case specially calling for careful phraseology Matthew was excessively vexed, and took some time to cool down sufficiently to realise the full import of the news. He felt puzzled and disappointed. It was curious that the receipt of this momentous message, so anxiously awaited, failed to produce on his mind the effect for which he had prepared himself. The death of the unhappy infant meant everything to his ambition, removed the one obstacle from his path, making all smooth to him. Yet he was not elated; he hardly felt satisfied; and almost began to get angry against his own unreasonableness; and although he knew it was illogical and absurd, he felt a secret anxiety which he could no more root out of his breast than he could now—if he so wished it—call back the spark of life into the baby's miserable little body.

Nobody, except his wife, knew that Matthew Bulbous did not go to bed that night. He could not rest. Hour after hour he grew still more restless and anxious, till the dawn of a day of wrath fell on his shrinking face through the study window.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Golden Thoughts for Every Day.

Monday—If a man has any talent in writing it shows a good mind to forbear answering calumnies and reproaches in the same spirit of bitterness in which they are offered. But when a man has been at some pains in making suitable returns to an enemy, and has the instruments of revenge in his hands, to let drop his wrath, and stifle his resentments, seems to have something in it great and heroical. There is a particular merit in such a way of forgiving an enemy; and the more violent and unprovoked the offense has been the greater still is the merit of him who thus forgives it.—[Joseph Addison.

Tuesday—

Weary of wandering from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear, and bow me to the rod;
Yet not in hopeless grief I mourn:
I have an Advocate above,
A friend before the throne of love.

O Jesus, full of truth and grace—
More full of grace than I of sin:
Yet once again I seek Thy face,
Open Thine arms, and take me in!
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love Thy faithless servant still.

Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore;
O, for Thy truth and mercy's sake
Forgive, and bid me sin no more;
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of prayer.

—[C. Wesley.

Wednesday—The cultivation of flowers is of all the amusements of mankind the one to be selected and approved as the most innocent in itself, and most perfectly devoid of injury or annoyance to others; the employment is not only conducive to health and peace of mind, but probably more good will has arisen and friendship been founded by the intercourse and communication connected with this pursuit than from any other whatsoever. The pleasures, the ecstacies of the horticulturist are harmless and pure; a streak, a tint, a shade, becomes his triumph, which, though often obtained by chance, are secured alone by morning care, by evening caution, and the vigilance of days; an employment which, in its various shades, excludes neither the opulent nor the indigent, and, teeming with boundless variety, affords an unceasing excitement to emulation, without contention or ill will.—[E. Jesse.

Thursday—Let not the sun in Capricorn (when the days are shortest) go down upon thy wrath, but write thy wrongs in ashes. Draw the curtain of night upon injuries, shut them up in the tower of oblivion, and let them be as though they had not been. To forgive our enemies, yet hope that God will punish them, is not to forgive enough. To forgive them ourselves, and not to pray God to forgive them, is a partial act of charity. Forgive thine enemies totally, and without any reserve that, however, God will revenge thee.—[Sir T. Brown.

Friday—

My feet are weary and my hands are tired,
My soul oppressed
And I desire what I have long desired—
Rest—only rest.

'Tis hard to toil when toil is almost vain,
In barren way;
'Tis hard to sow and never garner grain
In harvest days.

The burden of my days is hard to bear,
But God knows best;
And I have prayed, but vain has been my prayer,
For rest—sweet rest.

—[Anonymous.

Saturday—Tell us, ye men who are so jealous of right and of honor, who take sudden fire at every insult, and suffer the slightest imagination of another's contempt, or another's unfairness, to chase from your bosom every feeling of complacency; ye men whom every fancied affront puts in such a turbulence of emotion, and in whom every fancied infringement stirs up the quick and the resentful appetite for justice, how will you stand the rigorous application of that test by which the forgiven of God are ascertained, even that the spirit of forgiveness is in them, and by which it will be pronounced whether you are indeed, the children of the Highest, and perfect as your Father in Heaven is perfect?—[Dr. T. Chalmers.

One Woman's View of Missionary Work.

A woman missionary in a talk before a woman's club the other afternoon sought aid to bring civilization to some South African peoples, among whom she had been. She described them as gentle, trustful folk, honest, affectionate, and moral, not wanting in fact in the simple elements of character. To her earnest appeal for their rescue from heathenism and savagery a witty woman present replied, with perhaps as much of philosophy as wit: "Why should we take these people out of such Arcadian simplicity? Is it to give them corsets and the catechism?"

CANADA'S HERCULES.

Some of the Marvelous Feats of Lou Cyr.

Louis Cyr, who is a British subject, was born in St. John's, Quebec, in 1863.

His grandfather on the maternal side weighed over twenty-three stone, while his mother's weight is only a trifle under nineteen stone. She is immensely strong, and only a few years ago was able to pick up a barrel of flour and carry it up two flights of steps. So far as his mother's side goes, therefore, he comes from a pretty sturdy stock.

His father's family were not quite so colossal, although fairly big men and women. His father, however, brings down the scale at sixteen stone.

It was only natural Master Cyr when at school was master of all the lads. At the age of fourteen there were very few men who could cope with him, and at that early age his muscular development was extraordinary.

His parents were living at Montreal when he left school, and the question was what should they make of this young Hercules? Well, ultimately it was decided that he should enter the police service.

He was about seventeen at the time, and his strength had increased in a marvelous manner. He soon showed what a valuable acquisition he was to the force. He was sent to do duty in the roughest and most disturbed district of Montreal. He made so many captures and quelled such a number of disturbances that he soon received substantial recognition from the authorities. He was paid double salary and used to do the work of three.

Naturally he was not very popular among the roughs. So they made up their minds to settle him. Accordingly six or seven picked men waited upon him one dark night and went for him with sticks and belts. He was frightfully cut and can show you the scars of the wounds he received about the forehead now.

It must have been a desperate fight, but in the end his pluck and superior strength were too much for the cowards. Three out of the six made their escape more or less hurt. One of the others he had picked up and dashed upon the ground, rendering him senseless. The other two he nipped around the waist until they screamed in agony.

He was just making off with the two he had captured, when he compassionately thought of the poor injured fellow on the ground. He, therefore, changed over his prisoners to the left hand, and holding them both firmly with one hand by the collars, picked up the senseless man with his right arm and threw him over his shoulder.

It must have been a curious sight to see this marvelous man with his senseless burden and captives going down the streets of Montreal on that dark night, the blood from the wounds in his forehead running down and nigh blinding him. He dropped the wounded man in at the hospital as he passed, and took his prisoners to the station. Cyr, however, was very much cut and had himself to go to the hospital. This and many other episodes during his service with the police made him very popular, and after the event described he was left unmolested.

He had been a custodian of the police for nearly two years, when an incident happened which called attention to his immensity of strength.

One day he was on duty in one of the chief thoroughfares, when a cart laden with bricks came to grief. The horse fell down and the shafts were broken. They succeeded in getting the horse free from the harness. But what was to be done with the cart? There it stood right in the line of traffic. It was suggested that it should be unloaded.

"Stand on one side," said the muscular young policeman. Divesting himself of his coat and handing his hat to somebody standing by, he crouched under the cart, pressing up with his broad shoulders. The bricks, cart and all were lifted foot by foot until they were moved right on to the sidewalk.

The applause of the crowd collected was tremendous. Some gentlemen who had witnessed this performance were so astonished that they had the whole lot weighed. The weight that he had lifted was found to be a little over 2,100 pounds.

That feat of strength determined his career.

He left the police and at once entered into the show business. By steady practice with the dumbbells and proper training his muscular powers gradually increased to the enormous dimensions of to-day.

The toughest customer he ever had to deal with in lifting to the shoulder was a Captain Burst. On one occasion when in New Brunswick Burst offered to bet him $200 that he would not lift the same weight on to his shoulder that the captain would.

"Done," said Cyr, and the money was put up.

This feat was not to take place at an exhibition, but on board one of the ships laying off where they were.

Now, Burst was what you might call a "whopper." He stood 6 feet 7 inches, and, unlike the generality of giants, he was a broad shouldered, muscular individual.

So to the ship they repaired, with the stakeholder, referee and a few acquaintances.

Aboard the vessel was an anchor weighing exactly 800 pounds. Burst picked up with this pretty little toy and placed it apparently not much difficulty onto his shoulder. It remained there for about a minute, during which time the wonderment and applause was great. The anchor was then taken from his shoulder by six men and replaced upon the deck.

Then came Cyr's turn, and the betting was two to one against him. He had never attempted such a feat before. Yet, nothing daunted, he grasped the anchor and after a desperate struggle managed to get it onto his shoulder. It was a near thing, however, and nothing like so easily done as by his opponent. Never mind, he got it there.

"Now," said Cyr to the captain, "just you get up and straddle across my shoulders."

After some persuasion he was induced to do this, and Cyr, to the blank astonishment of the crowd, especially his opponent, walked around the deck. This so astonished Burst that he shook him by the hand and said, "Well, now, you're the first man I've ever given best on that feat." And the $200 was paid to Cyr.

Modern Mothers and Their Daughters.

"One of the signs of the age," says an observing woman, "is the difficulty grown daughters find in adapting their ideas to intolerance of the mothers who will not share in the progress about them. This is especially true where the daughters do not marry early, and either remain at home or go out to pursue some one of the many occupations now open to woman. In either of the latter cases the home cords are not much loosened—not nearly so much as when the daughter establishes herself by marriage in an independent household. The gap between the mother educated twenty-five years ago and the daughter abreast of these glowing times is wider than it ever will be again, and it is a trying one to the filial child, whose widening reach of things only increases her sense of what is due to her mother and eagerness to bring the well-loved parent within the scope of the falling blessings. To many women motherhood brings an autocracy that is never wholly relinquished; for years her lightest wish has been the daughter's law, and, if what Thackeray calls 'the tyranny of the parents' is modified in many instances, in equally as many others it painfully exists. I have in mind at this moment a wise, calm, filial woman of 35, whose capable work in a library gives her widowed and otherwise childless mother a pleasant home, in which, alas, its provider has no home feeling. All her plans and ambitions are thwarted, or, if perforce accepted, it is with scant grace; her friends are not welcome, her hobbies are not tolerated, her theories and principles are not respected. She is merely to the mother a big edition of the little girl whom she told to put on her school frock to day and to-morrow her church gown, and whose ungrudging hospitality she accepts with no smallest sense of obligations."

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

There will be fifty-three Sundays this year.

Madagascar has a standing army of 20,000.

The pendulum was first attached to the clock in 1656 by Huygner.

Of the foreign merchants in China, only wenty-seven are Americans.

China, with all her 400,000,000 people, has only forty miles of railroad.

It is said that more money is spent for eggs than for flour in the United States.

The pressure of the atmosphere on the man of average stature is about 15 tons, yet it is not felt.

A man breathes about eighteen pints of air per minute, or upwards of seven hogsheads in a day.

It takes eight times the strength to go upstairs that is required for the same distance on a level.

The Columbia, with its vast schools of salmon, has yielded more wealth than any river in the world.

China has 419,000 square miles of coalfields, or more than twenty times the aggregate of the carboniferous strata in Europe.

The new Parisian fashion in stockings is made with separate compartments for each toe. This is said to be a sure cure for corns, which are caused by the rubbing of the skin against that of the neighbouring toe.

The baya bird of India ingeniously illuminates its nest. It catches fire-flies, and, without killing them, with moist clay sticks them to its nest. On a dark night the baya's nest is like a bright beacon.

For the past three years Mdlle. Rosa Bonheur has been engaged on the largest animal picture ever painted. It represents ten horses of full size trotting over a threshing-floor, and the artist has already refused twelve thousand pounds for it.

The dolphin is said to be the fastest swimmer in the seas. It has been observed to dart through the water at a rate computed to be much greater than twenty miles an hour, and is often seen swimming round and round a vessel which is sailing at highest speed.

In Hindostan the marriage ceremony is short and simple, and no courting precedes it. The arrangements are all made by the friends or relatives of the principals. When the bride and groom are brought together, in many cases they see each other for the first time. The bride playfully skips toward him and seats herself beside him. The priest ties a corner of the bride's veil to the groom's shawl, and they are made man and wife.

Gipsies have been a wandering race ever since history first noticed them. At some time they were supposed to have come from Egypt, but new scholars have ascertained that they were originally an Indian tribe or group of tribes, making their first appearance in Asia Minor early in the middle ages.

A remarkably interesting document has just been published in Paris. It contains statistics concerning the use that has been made during the past year of the Free Libraries in the French capital. The number of volumes read at these institutions during 1891 amounts to 161,636. But that the French bourgeois prefers to take his ease at his inn appears from the fact that no less than 1,115,800 volumes were lent out. One half of the total number of books borrowed were novels.

Pretended deafness is readily exposed by a simple device, which is often resorted to by the Parisian authorities. Six men there recently tried to escape conscription, but they subsequently betrayed themselves. One man was informed that he might stroll about the barrack yard, a portion of which was paved with stone. A few minutes later a coin was adroitly dropped behind him, and its musical jingle caused him to turn to look for it. The same trick was tried with each of the other five, and succeeded in every case.

A new wood pavement is being tried in Paris. It consists of pieces of oak about 4 inches long, split up similarly to the ordinary firewood, and laid loosely on end in fine sand on a bed of gravel from 4 inches to 4½ inches in thickness. A layer of fine sand is then spread over them, and they are alternately watered and beaten several times. In about forty-eight hours the humidity has completely penetrated and caused the wood to swell, and it is claimed that the mass becomes thus absolutely compact and homogeneous, and capable of supporting the heaviest traffic. If such a pavement be not exceedingly well laid, it will soon be like an old broom.

An Act of Justice.

The Week says that "the action of the United States Government in voluntarily paying the sum of $25,000 to the Italian Government as an indemnity to be distributed among the heirs of the three Italian subjects killed in the New Orleans massacre, is the natural sequel to the paragraph touching the general question in the President's message, on which we commented at the time. The position originally taken by the Washington Administration in regard to the matter was so untenable, or at least so inconsistent with any high sense of international obligations, that it is a decided relief to find it now tacitly repudiated. For a nation to seek to evade responsibity for the acts of her citizens on her own soil, on the ground that these acts were a State, not a national affair, was not only unworthy of high-minded people, but was such a course as could be safely followed only by a stronger nation in dealing with a weaker. The payment of the indemnity demanded by the Italian Government will raise the reputation of the United States for fair dealing. It is pleasing to believe that this course has been dictated by a sense of justice, rather than by a less exalted motive. It would no doubt have been still more frank and praiseworthy had Mr. Blaine, or the President, had the moral courage to admit freely that the reparation was really due according to every principle of international equity, whatever might be the lack of provision in the constitution and the laws for meeting such an emergency, instead of claiming credit for the payment as an act of grace, as seems now to be done. As, however, the Italian authorities seem to have been satisfied with the acknowledgement and the manner in which it has been made, others need not, we suppose, complain. It is satisfactory to all lovers of peace and good feeling among the nations to know that this incident is so well ended and that good feeling is being restored between the two peoples concerned. It is probable that, in accordance with the President's recommendation, legislation will be had to render such a plea unavailable in any future case of the kind. In any event a precedent has now been made which no future administration will care to ignore."

A Spring Cold.

A spring cold in our climate may be quite a troublesome one, and a cough in a child at this season should be looked after with special care. A cough is always a serious matter, as it is usually the precursor of a more serious disease than mere cold. Measles and many other diseases are preceded by a slight cough. It is always safe to use means that excite perspiration, provided the child is well protected afterward and kept indoors. A teaspoonful of ipecac dissolved in a tumbler of cold water, and a teaspoonful of this diluted mixture given once an hour, will often break up the hoarse cold of an infant child. There is no harm in laying hot flannels, dipped in camphorated oil, over the chest, if there is any sign of hoarseness, but layers of cotton batting should take their place when they are removed. It is useless to doctor a cold of any kind unless the patient is kept from running outdoors or in draughty, cold places in the house, as all medicines open the pores and render the sufferer more susceptible to take extra cold if exposed. In such cases an ounce of prevention is certainly worth a pound of cure.

Fascinating Period of a Woman's Life.

At what age under the old regime a woman was considered passee it would be dangerous to say—presumably soon after she had quitted her teens. Swift wrote with cruel candor of Stella's fading charms, and sent her as a birthday gift a rhymed "Recipe to Restore Her Lost Youth," at a period that we should consider the prime of life. The caustic Dean of St. Patrick's wondering

"How angels look at thirty-six"

proves a sharp contrast to a more modern writer, Mr. Lewes, who, in his "Life of Goethe," speaks of 33 as a fascinating period of a woman's life, being that in which he considered her to have reached the full development of her powers of mind and body.

Such a sentiment would once have been considered rank heresy, yet 33 was the age at which Frau von Stein proved dangerous to the heart of the poet who had survived the more youthful charms of a Gretchen, a Charlotte, and a Lili. Mr. Lewes's view seems to be based on the old and honorable position and limitations. No people, perhaps, appreciate more perfectly the innocent flower-like beauty of adolescence than the French. Like the loveliness of childhood, it is to them a joy and delight to be made much of while it lasts, and, like that period, it is expected to have its definite limits. The line between jeune fille and vivelle fille is in that polite land drawn with a sharper and more merciless hand than in our own; yet it is the glory of the French life, with its clear and practical limitations and its adoration of youthful beauty, to have presented the finest flower of courtesy that the world has ever known to women who had lost the charms of early youth and ruled the minds, and even the hearts, of men by their wit and their wisdom, their vivacity, and their grace. It is impossible to read any description of saloon life in Paris without realizing the immense power that such women as Mme. de Rambouillet, Mme. Deffand, who could tolerate everything but the commonplace; Mme. Necker, her brilliant daughter; Mme. de Stale, and her cherished friend, Mme. de Houdetot, exercised in literary and political as in social matters.

What Ball-Room Decorations Cost.

Little more than twenty years ago $100 or $125 was considered an extravagant amount to pay for decorations for a ball in London. In 1871 the great furor for elaborate floral decoration began, and was instigated by the late Sir Edward Scott, who gave up his house for three days to his florist, with carte blanche orders to charge what he liked, the only stipulation being that the handsomest decoration of the season must be produced. Everybody imitated this extravagance, one of the most elaborate examples being the "Hanging Gardens of Babylon," on the occasion of a ball given by the Marquis of Bristol, when six tons of cut ivy were used alone, to give a castellated effect to the bare walls of an improvised ballroom. A few days afterward Gerard Leigh gave a magnificent entertainment, the flowers of which cost $2,500. Shortly afterwards Mrs. (now Lady) Sutton gave another entertainment, for which over $15,000 was paid to one firm alone. July 21, 1873, the first large public entertainment was given in the conservatory of the Royal Horticultural Society in connection with a ball given in honor of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, and ice was for the first time used in large quantities for cooling the atmosphere of crowded rooms in England.

Traded His Wife for Farm Implements.

A remarkable transaction has come to light in Sage township, northwest of Jackson, Mich. A farmer named Henry H. Hudson, has disposed of his wife to a neighbor, Philip H. Chubb, the consideration being various farming interests and supplies. A document was drawn up setting forth the transaction, the exchange has just taken place, and Mrs. Hudson, who was, is now installed as mistress at the Chubb farm. The affair is causing no little amusement throughout the State. The document is given verbatim herewith. The spelling and wording are preserved throughout:

Agreement betwixt P. H. Chubb of the first Part and Henry M. hudson of the sexent Part he does agree to sell Alice hudson, his Wife, to P. H. Chubb for these things what is named down below Marsh hay and buckwheat and potatoes, and one grain cradle one hand rake one plow and set of wifle treas and 3 derases one grass sithe 1 barrel of salt 10 window sash one grine stone I have sold those thinhs to henry M. hudson.

PHILIP H. CHUBB.

Has sold these things to me.

HENY HUDSON.

Witness—ALICE HUDSON.

Points About Advertising.

John Wanamaker, who can claim to speak from experience says: "I never in my life used such a thing as a poster or dodger, or handbill. My plan for fifteen years has been to buy so much space in the newspaper and fill it up with what I wanted. I would not give an advertisement in a newspaper of 500 circulation for 5,000 dodges or posters. If I wanted to sell cheap jewelry or run a gambling scheme I might use posters, but I would not insult a decent reading public with handbills. The class of people who read such things are poor material to look to for support in mercantile affairs. I deal directly with the publisher. I say to him 'How long will you let me run a column of matter through your paper for $100 or $500?' as the case may be. I let him do the figuring, and if I think he is not trying to take more than his share I give him the copy. I lay aside the profits on a particular line of goods for advertising purposes. The first year I laid aside $3,000; last year I laid aside and spent $40,000. I have done better this year and shall increase that sum as the profits warrant it. I owe my success to the newspapers."

Breaking of The Voice.

The peculiar physiological causes of what is called the "breaking of the voice" are not quite understood, but it is known to depend immediately upon an organic change in the larynx, the organ of the voice, which occurs in the male between the ages of fourteen and sixteen. Before that age the larynx of boys resembles that of females; but when the voice begins to break the vocal cords become lengthened at least one-third, the angle of the thyroid cartilage becomes enlarged, and the muscles which connect the organs of the voice with the hyoid bone and base of the tongue become elongated. While the change of form is taking place the voice is unfitted for singing, and should be used only with great care. In other words, the breaking of the voice is due to the rapid development of the larynx, which takes place at certain ages, and which leads to a change in the range of the voice. The peculiar harshness of the voice when it is thus "breaking" seems to be due to a temporary congestion and a swollen condition of the mucous membrane of the vocal chords accompanying the active growth of the whole larynx.

Poems in Petticoats.

The prettiest articles of attire about just now are the petticoats. They are poems in themselves. Some of them are made of black watered silk, striped with narrow lines of pink and blue and yellow, and have three ruches of the different colors set around the hem at intervals of two inches. These ruches are either of fringed silk or of satin ribbon. Other petticoats are made of shot satin with a gathered flounce of satin round the hem, and over this falls a flounce of lace sewn on with a double beading, through which are run "baby" ribbons to be tied into rosettes here and there. This notion carried out in heliotrope shot with pale green, with the lace very fine and of a holland hue, and the ribbons to match the satin, is altogether lovely.

WORLD'S FAIR NOTES.

Chauncey M. Depew has been elected president of New York's World's Fair board. Commissioner Gorton W. Allen is vice-president.

A monster panorama, 445 feet long and 51 feet high, representing the Bernese Alps, with the Jungfrau in the background, has been painted for exhibition at the Fair. A private exhibition of the work was recently given to the press in Berlin.

An effort is being made to collect $25,000 with which to build at the Exposition a headquarters for the Sunday schools of the United States. The scheme contemplates asking each school to contribute an amount equal to ten cents for each officer and teacher and one cent for each pupil.

The steamship lines covering the west coast of South America, have agreed to carry government exhibits free, and private exhibits at half price, as far as Panama. Passenger rates also have been greatly reduced.

It is reported that one hundred tons of exhibits for the Exposition have already been collected and are awaiting shipment at Lima and Callao.

Owing to the recent increase of Great Britain's World's Fair appropriation to $300,000, British exhibitors will not be charged for space, as at first determined.

President Diaz has recommended to the Mexican congress that Oct. 12 of this year be made a national holiday in commemoration of the landing of Columbus in the new world. He says in his message that the work of collecting the Mexican exhibit is progressing rapidly, and that a display of Mexican troops will be made at the dedicatory exercises.

Mr. Robert S. McCormick, resident Commissioner for the World's Fair, at London, has received word that an influential committee in Geneva is actively promoting the formation of a creditable Swiss section at the Fair, and is meeting with gratifying success. Watchmaking will be one of the chief features of the display. It is considered possible that Switzerland will yet appoint a government commission on the Fair.

Bavaria will send to the World's Fair two professors from its institute of technology to report on the progress of the United States to technical matters.

Leigh S. Lynch, World's Fair Commissioner to the South Sea Islands, has cabled that he has completed arrangements for an exhibit from the Phillipine islands and is now devoting his attention to Java. There is every prospect that the exhibit will be one of great interest.

Mr. McCormick, the London agent of the Columbian Exposition, has forwarded to Chicago an application from Mrs. M. L. Mullinger, who wishes to establish a gypsy encampment within the grounds of the Exposition, probably upon the Midway Plaisance. Mrs. Mullinger is alluded to as being remarkably well versed in gypsy lore, and proficient in gypsy learning. She manages a gypsy encampment near Liverpool, England.

Costa Rica has one of the largest and finest archæological collections in the world showing many Columbian relics and historic data relating to the discovery of America. This collection goes to Madrid this year for the Spanish Exposition and will afterward go to Chicago.

The scene which the Exposition grounds now affords, with most of the buildings nearing completion and the construction being pushed forward by more than 6,000 workmen, is accounted so interesting and wonderful that from 1,000 to 5,000 visitors a day willingly pay the admission of 25 cents to witness it. Before the abolition of the free pass system, the visitors often numbered as high as 15,000 or 20,000. The work of construction was interfered with, so that it was thought best to charge an admission and thus diminish the size of the crowd of sightseers and at the same time add to the financial resources of the Exposition.

Karl Hagenbeck, famous for his ability in taming wild animals, is devoting his time in Hamburg to a group of lions, tigers, jaguars and hyenas that he expects to bring to the Fair. This group consists of fifty animals, all to be kept in one big cage. Hagenbeck has already spent a fortune on the group.

A Racine Wis., firm is planning to have a complete tannery plant in operation at the Exposition.

The Bedford stone-quarries have donated $3,000 worth of stone for the Indiana World's Fair building. The cutting of the stone is included.

100,000 Lilies in One Field.

This is a sight to be seen only on the picturesque island of the Bermudas. There these flowers are raised as a regular field crop. In value and in the esteem of the inhabitants they come next to the potato, though both are less esteemed than the onion, which is the staple crop of the islands. No more beautiful sight can be imagined than at this season of the year greets the eye of the traveler as he comes suddenly upon one of these fields, hundreds of yards square, and a mass of most fragrant white.

Unfortunately, the lily fields are not in the most profitable state. The beautiful bloom represents to its owners waste, for the lilies should be marketed in the form of buds. They are cut from the stems and packed in cases, sixty-four in a box, and sent by express all over the United States. If kept in a cool, dry place the buds will remain without opening for several weeks, while by being placed in water they can be brought to perfection in a day or two; or, if the water is slightly warmed, in a few hours. This fortunate peculiarity of the lily has made it possible for it to be transported, notwithstanding the long journey. The culture was introduced only a few years ago upon the Bermudas by an American gentleman, Gen. Hastings. Some of the largest fields are still owned by this gentleman, and it is said that on one of them at any time in the season over 100,000 lilies may be seen in bloom at the same time.

Mr. Gladstone's Sabbath.

The "Young Man" thus describes the way in which Mr. Gladstone passes the Lord's day: "Mr. Gladstone has often been heard to remark that had it not been for his Sunday rest he would not now be the man he is. Physically, intellectually, and spiritually his Sunday has been to him a priceless blessing. Any one who entered his room in Downing street on a Sunday during the height of the session could not fail to be struck by the atmosphere of repose, the signs and symbols of the day, the books lying open near the armchair, the deserted writing table, the absence of papers and newspapers. From Saturday night to Monday morning Mr. Gladstone puts away all his business of a secular nature, keeps to his special Sunday books and occupations, and never dines out that day unless to cheer a sick or sorrowful friend. He never travels on Sundays, and it is well known that when her Majesty invites him to Windsor Castle on Sunday for one night he makes arrangements to stay in Windsor the Saturday night to avoid Sunday traveling. Two services at least see him at worship on Sunday in Hawarden Church. He has a poor opinion of those whom he humorously terms as 'once-era.'"

That which makes people dissatisfied with their condition is the chimerical idea they form of the happiness of others.

A great deal of knowledge, which is not capable of making a man wise, has a natural tendency to make him vain and arrogant.

Walt Whitman, just previous to his death, superintended the erection of a vault wherein he was to lie. It is located in Harleigh Cemetery, about two miles from Philadelphia.

Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle that fits them all.

True contentment depends not on what we have. A tub was large enough for Diogenes but a world was too small for Alexander.

Town & Country Callings.

—Mr. G. Ambler has started a harness shop in town.

—Mr. Quigley, of Indian Head, had three stacks of wheat burned on Friday last.

—Senator Perley is now at his home at Wolseley. He will remain only till Friday.

—Mrs. James McNaughton and child returned from a visit to Galt, Ont., on Friday last.

—Mr. Charles Miles, of the Industrial School, Fort Qu'Appelle, spent last week at his home.

—Mr. C. F. Travis, C.P.R. agent, of Elkhorn, spent a few days this week with his Qu'Appelle friends.

—There was a cricket match at Indian Head on Tuesday between teams representing Indian Head and Katepwa.

—The new flag presented to the School Board some time ago was fanned by the breezes for the first time on the 24th.

—Sergt. Fyffe arrested Gingras, a deserter from the Police Force, at Fort Qu'Appelle on Saturday, and had him taken to Regina. Gingras came back from the United States to give evidence in the Herchmer enquiry, and remained rather too long for his own good.

—The Queen's birthday passed off very quietly in town. The business places were all closed and flags hoisted in many parts of the town. In the afternoon a party drove out to Hednesford to the residence of Mr. Barton, where a most enjoyable evening was spent.

—Work on the Sunbeam Farm at Indian Head is being pushed along, and Mr. A. M. McLane, manager, is now inviting tenders for the building of a large stone stable and a boarding house. There will doubtless be work for a number of those who manipulate the hammer and trowel.

—Sergt. Fyffe, N.W.M.P., is now in charge of the detachment here. He will superintend the posts at Wolseley, Indian Head, and Fort Qu'Appelle. The Sergeant was stationed here in 1886, and by strict attention to duty won the good opinion of many citizens who will be pleased to see him back again. Corpl. Harvey left on Saturday for Wood End, where he will be on boundary patrol for the summer.

—A Whitewood correspondent to the Regina *Leader* writes as follows: It is stated that the Lord Bishop of Qu'Appelle will shortly resign and go to England, having come into extensive property. We give the rumour for what it may be worth. The Bishop has been most self-sacrificing in the administration of the diocese, and if it be true that the North-West is to permanently lose him, his departure will be viewed with general regret.

—Mr. D. Mowat, M.L.A., and the Mayor of Regina had an interview with Mr. Van Horne on his way through to the coast in reference to the junction of the Soo line with the C.P.R. He said that he was desirous of making Regina the junction if water supply could be obtained between Yellow Grass Marsh and Regina, but owing to the absence of Land Commissioner Hamilton he was not able to say anything definite on the matter.

—Votes for North-West public buildings were considered by Committee of Supply in the House of Commons on the 20th inst. Amongst the items passed were the following: Edmonton Registry Office, $10 000; Prince Albert Crown Lands Office, $4,000; Regina Court House, $10,000; and Lethbridge Court House, $7,000. The vote of $10,000 for the Calgary Post Office, Customs and General Office met with steady opposition.

—Mr J. K. Barrett, Inspector of Inland Revenue for Manitoba and the North-West Territories, has had the degree of LL.D. conferred on him by the University of Ottawa. Mr Barrett has taken an active part in the Separate School question in Manitoba, and conscientiously contended for what he considered the rights of the Catholics of the province. His many friends, both Catholic and Protestant, in the Territories will be pleased to learn that his abilities have been so gracefully acknowledged.

—On Friday last, a team of horses hitched to a wagon, belonging to one of our neighboring farmers had a brisk runaway. The boy in charge omitted to take the precaution of fastening the animals before leaving them, and while he was in Mr Bulyea's warehouse they moved off. When the teamster missed his team they were scouring the prairie at breakneck pace, but took a circuitous route and were stopped as they were entering the town near Mr. McEwen's blacksmith shop. The wagon box had been thrown off and a wheel left behind, which was about the extent of the damage.

—The Edmonton *Bulletin* is now issued semi-weekly, and is much improved in appearance.

BIRTH.

Boyle—On the 22nd inst., at Springbrook, the wife of Mr. William Boyle, of a son.

DEATH.

Smith—On the 19th inst., at Regina, Mr. D. W. Smith, aged 38 years.

SINTALUTA.

The Sintaluta Baseball Club held their first practice match on Wednesday, followed by a dance at night.

We learn with regret that we are to lose our friend and pastor Mr. Lamont, who goes to labor elsewhere. He will be followed by the good wishes of all.

Mr. Wm. Ingham has lost a cow from spinal complaint.

We had a visit from the P.O. Inspector the other day, who expressed great satisfaction at the way the postoffice is arranged and the manner in which it is managed.

RELIGIONS OF CANADA.

The census bulletin on religion was issued on the 18th inst. It shows that the increase of population in Canada during the past ten years was 507,869, as a constituent in the increase the compilers have estimated the population of unorganized religion in the North-West, from which returns have not been received in their entirety, leaving out the consideration of this estimated population, 32,168, we have an increase of 47,570 for which we have complete returns. The increase is divided among denominations as follows: Roman Catholics, 198,483; Methodists, 104,488; Presbyterians, 79,034, Church of England, 66,692; Lutherans, 17,629; Baptists, 7,224; all other, 2,151. Manitoba has increased her population by 86 553 souls. This increase is distributed among denominations as follows: Presbyterians, 24,709; Methodists, 18,967; Church of England, 16,554; Roman Catholics, 8,325; Baptists, 6,663; Lutherans, 5,561; all others, 5,774. In British Columbia the increase in population is 48,142. According to the denomination received, this increase is divided thus: Church of England, 15,203; Presbyterians, 11,186; Methodists, 10,775; Roman Catholics, 10,324. All other specified denominations show a small increase. It will be observed from the analysis that the Methodists have made the greatest proportionate increase in the Dominion as a whole, followed by the Presbyterians, the Church of England and the Roman Catholics in the order named. Two denominations have increased their strength in every province of the Dominion, the Roman Catholics and Methodists. In Manitoba the growth of Presbyterianism has been remarkable, more than 28 per cent. of the whole increase falling to that denomination. In British Columbia the growth of the Church of England is even more remarkable, that body having 31 per cent. of the total increase of population. In the North-West Territories comparisons cannot be made, owing to the fact that in the census of 1881 the population in the unorganized regions was not included with that of the provisional districts. While we have the beliefs of these three districts, we have not received all the statistics of the other portions. Compared with the census of 1885, the returns for 1891 show the following changes in the provisional districts: The Presbyterians have increased 4,196; the Roman Catholics increased 3,707; the Methodists increased 1,070; and the Baptists increased 777. These statistics show that the denominations which relatively have become weakened in the four older provinces are growing ones in the four newer acquisitions by 23.9 per cent., against 43.2 per cent. in the older provinces, and the Methodists forming but 15.1 per cent., against 17.9 per cent., while the Presbyterians form in the newer portions 23.4 per cent. against 15, in the older provinces, and the Church of England 17.8 per cent. as against 13 per cent.

YELLOW FEVER ON BOARD.

Quebec, May 23.—The bark Prince Albert, from Rio Janeiro, has arrived at Goose Isle with sickness on board. It is reported to be yellow fever. The mate died on the passage. Two more of the crew are sick.

CHARGED WITH BIGAMY.

Rat Portage, May 23.—Mrs. Francis Midgley was on Saturday brought before Judge Lynn charged with committing bigamy with one McKeth, a carpenter here, whom she married on 27th January last. She was remanded till to day. The information was lodged by Mr. Midgley, her husband, to whom she was married several years ago in London, England. Mrs. Midgley came out here about a year ago with the Lockery party and had with her a daughter aged about 13. Mr. Midgley did not know of the second marriage until his arrival here.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS.

TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to Wednesday, the 15th day of June, 1892, for the erection of the following BUILDINGS, requiring about one hundred and fifty cords of stone for their construction, on the Sunbeam Farm at Indian Head, N.W.T., viz.:

One Stone Stable 30x90, with wing 30x60, 16 foot walls, and

One Stone Boarding House; 20x60, 16 foot walls, with their necessary wood finishings.

Plans and specifications will arrive from England in a few days, and parties giving notice of their intention to tender will be promptly notified by post or wire of their arrival.

There is now a large quantity of stone on the ground.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

For further information address

A. M. McLANE,
Manager of Sunbeam Farm,
32-34 Qu'Appelle Station, Assa.

$15 REWARD.

THE above Reward will be paid to the party delivering to the undersigned on Sec. 28, Tp. 17, Rge 15, the following:

One bay Broncho Mare, branded C on left shoulder, with foal

One black yearling filly Colt.

32-34 GEORGE SPENCER.

STRAYED

ON to the premises of Thomas E. Gray, Sec. 34, Tp. 19, Rge. 15, about the end of February, seven PONIES—two sorrel, three dark brown, one bay and one grey. The owner can have the same by proving property and paying expenses.

32-34

$10 REWARD.

STRAYED from Qu'Appelle, a bay COLT, two years old, with white on off hind foot. The above reward will be paid to anyone returning the same to the undersigned.

30-32 WM. HENLEY.

$15 REWARD.

LOST, on Saturday, the 14th of May, a black broncho MARE, six years old, in foal, branded on left shoulder; when lost had a new rope fastened to her neck. Last seen in the neighborhood of Mr. B. S. Ross. The above reward will be given to anyone leaving the animal at Johnston's stable, Qu'Appelle.

31-33 J. HICKS, Davin.

TO LET.

GOOD DWELLING HOUSE, WITH STABLES. Well situated in the Town of Qu'Appelle. For particulars apply to A. D. DICKSON, Barrister,
27 Qu'Appelle.

NOTICE.

Annual General Meeting of the South Qu'Appelle Building Society, Limited.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting of the shareholders of the above Society will be held at the office of the Secretary, corner of Qu'Appelle Street and Ninth Avenue in the town of Qu'Appelle on

Friday, 27th May next

for the purpose of the election of Directors for the ensuing year and the consideration of the general business of the Society.

G. H. V. BULYEA, Secretary.

Dated at Qu'Appelle, 12th May, 1892.

30-32

NOTICE.

TO THE RATEPAYERS OF THE MUNICIPALITY OF SOUTH QU'APPELLE.

PARTIES wishing to procure STRYCHNINE for the destruction of Gophers can receive Two Drachms each on application to Mr. G. H. BULYEA, Treasurer.

By order,
31-33 COUNCIL.

NOTICE.

THE PARTNERSHIP heretofore existing between Messrs. Last and McDougall as hotel keepers, Indian Head, having been dissolved, all debts owing to the business are to be paid to Mr. Charles McDougall, who will carry on the business in future.

Dated at Indian Head, 7th day of May, 1892.

W. SYME REDPATH,
31-33 Solicitor for Last & McDougall.

NOTICE.

SEALED TENDERS, marked "Tenders for the supply of Beef," will be received at this office up to noon of Wednesday, the 8th of June, for the supply, during the fiscal year ending the 30th June, 1893, of any proportion of the following quantities (which may be increased or decreased by the undersigned) of fresh BEEF. Particulars and forms of tender can be obtained from this or any of the undermentioned Agency Offices:

	lbs.		lbs.
Crooked Lakes,	9,000	Edmonton,	24,636
Assiniboine,	8,650	Industrial Schools.	
Carlton,	8,700	Qu'Appelle,	30,000
Battleford,	15,39	Battleford,	31,100
Saddle Lake,	15,000	Regina,	22,400

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque in favor of the undersigned, or the equivalent in cash, for 5 per cent. of its value, which will be forfeited if the party tendering fails to enter into, or to furnish approved security for the fulfilment of a contract, when called upon to do so, for the whole or any portion of his tender, or to complete the same. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

HAYTER REED,
Indian Commissioner.

Indian Office,
Regina, May 1st, 1892. 30-32

THE STANDARD.

Daily and Weekly.

This paper is pushing rapidly into the front rank of Canadian journalism. By dint of energy and enterprise it has succeeded in a few months in acquiring an excellent circulation, and becoming one of the permanent institutions of the country.

While it makes a specialty of Territorial affairs, no important Canadian news is overlooked, and considerable attention is given in its columns to British and foreign events.

Subscription price, Daily $6.00; Weekly $1.50 per annum in advance.

J. K. McINNIS, Manager.

EDITORIAL EVIDENCE.

Gentlemen—Your Hagyard's Yellow Oil is worth its weight in gold for both internal and external use. During the late *La Grippe* epidemic we found it a most excellent preventive, and for sprained limbs, etc., there is nothing to equal it.

WM. PEMBERTON,
Editor *Reporter*,
Delhi, Ont.

BURDOCK PILLS
SUGAR COATED
A SURE CURE
FOR BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, DIZZINESS, SICK HEADACHE, AND DISEASES OF THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS. THEY ARE MILD, THOROUGH AND PROMPT IN ACTION, AND FORM A VALUABLE AID TO BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS IN THE TREATMENT AND CURE OF CHRONIC AND OBSTINATE DISEASES.

FOR SALE.

THE EAST HALF SECTION 30, 18, 14. Forty acres broken; a quantity of good poplar timber and an abundant supply of water on the premises. Good frame house 16x18, log stable and granary. One and a quarter miles from Qu'Appelle. For particulars apply to

A. C. PATERSON,
Qu'Appelle Station, N.W.T.

FOR SALE.

ON EASY TERMS, the N.W. ¼, sec. 6, tp. 19, r. 15., also S.E. ¼, sec. 10, tp. 18, r. 16. Both of these properties are situated in well settled districts, in close proximity to churches and schools, not far from the town of Qu'Appelle. For particulars apply.

A. C. PATERSON,
Qu'Appelle.

FOR SALE,

ON EASY TERMS, adjoining the townsite of Qu'Appelle, the South East Quarter Section 20, Township 18, Range 14, west of first Meridian.

This is a fine property, with good new frame house, 80 acres farmed and 40 acres broken, water convenient, and close to first class schools, college churches, and flouring mill, clear title. For particulars apply to.

A. C. PATERSON.
Qu'Appelle Station, N. W. T.

TENDERS.

SEALED TENDERS marked "For Mounted Police Provisions and Light Supplies," and addressed to the Honorable the President of the Privy Council, Ottawa, will be received up to noon on Tuesday, 7th June, 1892.

Printed forms of tender, containing full information as to the articles and approximate quantities required, may be had on application at any of the Mounted Police Posts in the North-West, or at the office of the undersigned.

No tender will be received unless made on such printed forms.

The lowest or any tender not necessarly accepted.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted Canadian bank cheque for an amount equal to ten per cent. of the total value of the articles tendered for, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the service contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

No payment will be made to newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority having been first obtained.

FRED. WHITE,
Comptroller, N. W. M. Police.

Ottawa, May 3rd. 1892. 31-32

World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago 1893.

The Government of the Dominion of Canada has accepted the invitation of the Government of the United States to take part in the World's Columbian Exposition, to be held in Chicago from 1st May to 31st October, 1893. As it is important that a very full display of Canadian products be made on that occasion, a general invitation is extended to Canadian producers and manufacturers in agriculture, horticulture, products of forests, minerals, fisheries, machinery, manufactures, arts, &c., to assist in bringing together such a display of the natural resources and industrial products of Canada as will be a credit to the country.

An Executive Commissioner for Canada has been appointed, who will have the general charge of the exhibits and the allotment of space, and the several Provincial Governments have been invited to co-operate with the view of making the exhibition as complete and satisfactory as possible.

The Dominion Government will pay the transport of exhibits going and returning and for the placing of articles sent.

Entries must be made not later than 31st July. The reception of articles at the Exposition buildings will commence 1st November, 1892, and all exhibits, excepting Live Stock, must be in place by 1st April, 1893.

Forms of application for space and general information can be obtained on applying by letter, post free, to the undersigned,

WM. SAUNDERS,
Executive Commissioner for Canada.

Department of Agriculture,
Ottawa, 26th April, 1892. 31-33

NOTICE.

A Special General Meeting

OF the Members of the SOUTH QU'APPELLE LIBERAL-CONSERVATIVE ASSOCIATION will be held in McLane's Hall on Saturday, the 28th day of May, at 2 o'clock p.m., for the purpose of electing Delegates to attend the Annual Meeting of the Eastern Assiniboia Central Liberal-Conservative Association, to be held in Moosomin in the month of June.

A. D. DICKSON,
31-32 Secretary.

THE ONTARIO & QU'APPELLE LAND Co.

REDUCTION

IN PRICES.

Farm Lands.

The Company are now offering their lands at low prices, payment can be made in the shares of the Company, which are accepted at par. The shares are now at a discount of over 30 per cent., and at the present price of shares Lands scheduled at $3.50 per acre cost purchasers less than $2.45 per acre; lands scheduled at $5 00 per acre cost purchasers less than $3 50 per per acre.

Price Lists and Maps of all Lands sent on application to Local Agents,

Warner & Bell, Qu'Appelle,
Robert Crawford, Indian Head,
Brine McDonald, Fort Qu'Appelle,
R. E. Hall, Wolseley,
Or direct to
OSLER, HAMMOND & NANTON,
381 Main St. General Agents, Winnipeg.

DOMINION OF CANADA.

Government Notice

By the Honourable Edgar Dewdney, Superintendent General of Indian Affairs:

TO all to whom these presents may come, or whom the same may in anywise concern—Greeting:

With reference to the notice issued by me and dated the 27th January, 1891, which prohibits, under pain of the penalties imposable under the provisions of the 43rd Chapter of the revised Statutes of Canada entitled "An Act respecting Indians," the sale, gift or other disposal to any Indian in the North-West Territories of Canada, or in any part thereof, or to any Indians in Manitoba, or in any part thereof, of any fixed ammunition or ball cartridge:

Now know ye, that I, the said Honourable Edgar Dewdney, Superintendent General of Indian Affairs, for good and sufficient reasons, do hereby exempt from the operation and effect of the aforesaid notice of the 27th of January, 1891, all those parts of the North-West Territories of Canada aforesaid situated, lying and being north and east of the following limits:—

Commencing at the height of land between the sources of the Athabasca and the North Saskatchewan Rivers and following it north-easterly to the head waters of the Beaver River, thence following Beaver River eastward to its junction with the outlet of Green Lake, thence due south to the 14th Base Line, between Townships 52 and 53, thence east following the 14th Base Line to the north-east corner of Township 52, Range 13, West of the 2nd Meridian, thence south to the 12th Correction Line, between Townships 46 and 47, thence east following the 12th Correction Line to the west shore line of Lake Winnipeg, and thence down Lake Winnipeg.

And notice is hereby given that the portion and portions of the North-West Territories of Canada aforesaid within the limits above described are hereby exempted from the effect of the said notice of the 27th January, 1891, from the date of this notice.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto subscribed these presents in my Office in the City of Ottawa, this twenty-ninth day of April, 1892.

E. DEWDNEY,
30-33 *Supt. Gen. of Indian Affairs.*

A. E. WHIFFIN. R. BARNES.

Best Sample Rooms and accommodation in the N.W.T. for $1.50 per day.

QUEEN'S HOTEL,

Qu'Appelle Station, N.W.T.

WHIFFIN & BARNES, Props.

Strictly First Class in every particular.

Bar supplied with best brands of Liquors & Cigars.

REAL ESTATE

BELL & CO.,

REAL ESTATE, INSURANCE, LOAN, LAND
And Commission Agents.

Agents for the undermentioned Companies.

ONTARIO AND QU'APPELLE LAND COMPANY, LIMITED.
MANITOBA AND NORTH-WEST LOAN COMPANY, LIMITED.
COMMERCIAL UNION ASSURANCE CO., LIMITED, OF LONDON ENGLAND. CAPITAL AND ASSETS $25,000,000.
LANCASHIRE INSURANCE CO., OF MANCHESTER, ENGLAND. ASSETS, $20,000,000.
NEW YORK PROVIDENT SAVINGS LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY
ONTARIO MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE CO., OF WATERLOO, ONT.
APPRAISERS FOR THE NORTH OF SCOTLAND CANADIAN MORTGAGE CO., LIMITED.

A full list of Improved and Unimproved Farms for Sale on easy terms.

F. BELL & CO.,
QU'APPELLE STATION, ASSA.

Plows. COCKSHUTT AND JOHN DEERE. Breaking, Stubble, Gang, Sulky, or Combination.

Phaetons, Democrats,
Buggies, Buckboards.

Styles and Prices to suit everyone.

ALSO THE CELEBRATED ALL STEEL

McCORMICK BINDERS AND MOWERS.

See our New No. 4 McCormick Mower with Patent Foot Lift.

PUMPS. Genuine Frost Proof, for either Deep or Shallow Wells. CHEAP FOR CASH.

Special Prices to Municipalities for

ROAD SCRAPERS.

Call and see our Stock at the old stand.

Cowan & Edwards,
Qu'Appelle Station, Assa.

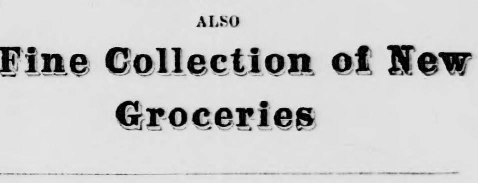
ASSINIBOIA HOTEL,
Indian Head, N.W.T.

Charles McDougall, Proprietor.

This Hotel is now conducted under new management for the accommodation of the Travelling Public.

Everything New and in Latest Style.

FIRST CLASS SAMPLE ROOMS
FOR COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS.



TRADE
MARK.
Ram Lal's
Pure
Indian Tea
Guaranteed Absolutely Pure as Manufactured on the Gardens in India.

FOR SALE AT
J. P. BEAUCHAMP'S STORE,
QU'APPELLE, N. W. T.
ALSO
A Fine Collection of New Groceries

THE CANADA
NORTHWEST LAND CO
(LIMITED.)

Have the option of selecting, under the terms of their agreement with the Canadian Pacific Railway,

OVER TWO MILLION ACRES
OF THE FINEST
AGRICULTURAL LANDS
In Manitoba or the North-West Territories,

Which they offer for Sale on EASY TERMS. Payments by Instalments. No cultivation conditions.

Write for particulars of the Company's system of accepting Shares instead of Cash in payment of Lands, by which a considerable saving is effected.

TOWN LOTS

For Sale in all Towns and Villages on main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway between Brandon and the Rockies.

Coal Lands. Red River Lots.

Maps and other information can be obtained at the offices of the Company.

Winnipeg Office: 339 Main Street.
W. B SCARTH, Land Commissioner.

London Office: 90, Cannon Street, E.C.,
JOHN R. NESBITT. Secretary.

E. W. Warner, Agent at Qu'Appelle.